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The Dog that Failed to Bark

RECALL the curious incident of the dog in the night-time:

> "The dog did nothing in the night-time."
> "That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

The four months since Stalin's death have seen an unexpected easing of the power stresses in the world; they have offered Britain an opportunity, unique and, as it may turn out, short-lived, of remoulding the pattern of Cold War; they have shown the British Prime Minister, for want of a rival, as the man of destiny in the West, who might change the course of history. During that time the Labour Party has attracted attention only by its inertia. Its reaction to the ferment of events has been to do nothing and to say nothing except in echo of Sir Winston Churchill.

The electorates of Sunderland South, North Berks and Edgbaston were, no doubt, short-sighted in refusing to heed the underlying dangers of Tory policy. But the indifference to the Labour leadership they showed by their voting is privately harboured by very many of the most devoted Party members. And it is justifiable. For at the moment of decision the Party's leaders have abrogated the responsibility of deciding. At what may prove to be the turning point of the century, they stand aside, dumb and unresponsive, unable apparently to call upon their reserves of either courage or principle.

The British initiative was thus left to Sir Winston Churchill; and it is to his credit that he took it while Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison hesitated. But of what did it consist? Of a determined effort to conclude a Korean truce, and of bluntly advocating (even in the face of unconcealed opposition from Washington) an early and informal meeting between the leaders of the four Great Powers. No more. Yet of these two lines of policy, the first is but the logical ending of a war which has never been justified except for the purpose of halting an aggression; while the second has been advocated by the Left of the Labour Party (as indeed by this journal) for many months, and with redoubled emphasis since Stalin's death. Sir Winston, in a word, has won the support and leadership of the Western world by forcing to its logical conclusion the Labour Government's Korean policy and by pressing, rather belatedly, for the Four-Power talks so ardently desired by the rank-and-file of all parties and so unenthusiastically accepted by most of his own colleagues and the Labour Front Bench.

This week, a motion has appeared on the Commons Order Paper in the name of Mr. Harold Wilson and other Bevanite members of the Labour Executive calling on the House to reaffirm the general line of initiative contained in Sir Winston's speech of May 27 and urging that, notwithstanding the Premier's illness, the holding of early Four-Power talks shall be the main British objective at the "little Bermuda" conference. There is irony in this Bevanite support for Sir Winston Churchill. For, immediately after Stalin's death, the same group sought to persuade their own Front Bench to give a lead in calling at once for talks with M. Malenkov. Because that opportunity was missed the initiative passed to Sir Winston.

Here is the measure of the lamentable situation into which the timidity and lack of imagination of its leaders have led the Labour Party. In the '30s, deprived of the chance of power, the Party was able by its courage, its idealism and its "feel" for international situations to catch the imagination of all who strove for peace. So it grew from a sectional into a national party and won the right to govern. In 1953, with greater influence than perhaps any other political party in the world, most of its leaders find it inopportune even to raise their voices. And so a great party, measured, as outsiders are bound to measure it, by the stature of its leaders, seems to fall below the level of events.

New Look in Hungary

The past week's developments in Eastern Europe have to be stripped of sensationalised headlines and tendentious "psychological warfare" comment, before the news can be put in perspective. There is some indication that, pending the harvest, supplies of grain have run low in several of the "satellite" countries; but

there is no confirmation whatever of rumours of rioting in Poland, Bulgaria or Rumania, and talk of "counter-revolutions spreading South-eastwards from Berlin" is in all probability wide of the mark. The substantial fact is that a dramatic change of policy is announced in Hungary. Replacing Mr. Rakosi—who carries with him into retirement General Farkas, ex-Minister of Defence, and Mr. Revai, the chief propagandist of the late regime—the new Premier, Imre Nagy, told the National Assembly that the industrialisation of Hungary was being carried too far, and with too much emphasis on capital goods; that the needs of the consumer must be met more liberally; and that agricultural policy must be revised. The individual small-holder must be fostered, and no obstacles placed in the way of those who desired to leave collective farms.

This "new look" represents a switch of policy obviously dictated by Moscow and forming part of a general Russian policy of "loosening up." There is little doubt but that rearmament, coupled with an inordinately high rate of civilian capital investment, was subjecting the Hungarian economy to heavy strain; and it may well be that industrial workers, as well as "pressurised" peasants, were beginning to be discontented. But there is no reason to suppose that the Government was in any way apprehensive of a revolt. For one motive or another —greater confidence, or desire to prepare the ground for a general *détente* with the West—the Russians seem to have decided to reverse all steps taken from 1948 onwards and to liberalise Communist administration to some extent. Loosening the screws is always a dangerous process for a dictatorial regime, as events in Eastern Germany have shown; but, in the case of Hungary, the risk which is being taken is presumably a calculated one.

Accent on Negotiations

The decision of the Chinese to resume armistice talks in Korea on the assumption (which remains to be tested) that General Clark will give more precise assurances of Syngman Rhee's good behaviour, is a further indication that the present tactics of the Communists are to exploit the advantages of negotiation. Had they wanted to abort the truce talks completely, the Chinese could have argued with some logic that the U.N. failure to recapture the "escaped" prisoners or to guarantee that R.O.K. forces would observe cease-fire terms made an armistice impracticable.

Last Monday's editorial in *Pravda* also goes some way towards confirming the view that a *détente* with the West is desired by the triumvirate in Moscow. The article, it is true, reverts in some passages to the abusive tone which formerly characterised every Russian reference to America; and it protests with the vehemence of Hamlet's mother that there was no element of spontaneity in the strikes and disturbances in Eastern Germany, which "the provocation of foreign hirelings" alone created. Yet *Pravda* continues to welcome the "peace initiative" taken by the British Prime Minister. The U.S.S.R., it declares, is not to be blackmailed into accepting prior conditions before the beginning of Four-Power talks; but Sir Winston's attitude merited praise precisely because he did not formulate any preliminary conditions. In fact, Russia's denunciation of Western "provocations" seems now to be based on fear lest the chance of negotiations may be blocked.

The Cart and the Horse

By a narrow majority—178 votes to 166—the Bundestag at Bonn has endorsed the statement of policy on which Dr. Adenauer evidently proposes to fight the coming General Election campaign. The debate and the voting showed that the question of reunification is now paramount in German politics, and that the difference between Dr. Adenauer and the Social-Democrat Opposition consists largely in the matter of timing. The S.P.D. speakers in the Bundestag urged that, after the events of June 17, it was the moral duty of every patriotic German to seek to secure the "liberation" of the inhabitants of the Eastern Zone; that this could be achieved only by reunification; and that the Western Powers should take the initiative in proposing immediate Four-Power talks to that end. In these circumstances, they argued, for the Federal Republic to go ahead with entry into E.D.C. and consequential rearmament would be to kill in advance any chance of Russian assent to reunification on acceptable "free" democratic terms. Dr. Adenauer's reply was that to hold at present a Four-Power conference on reunification would be putting the cart before the horse. Germany must first be safely anchored to the West as "an equal," fully integrated in the European Defence Community. The West would then be bound to press all the more strongly for the reunification of Germany on terms of which he, Dr. Adenauer, would approve.

How far public opinion in the Federal Republic will react in line with the Bundestag's voting remains to be seen. Dr. Adenauer is trying to make German voters' flesh creep by warnings that his defeat would both displease God and lead to Germany's abandonment by the U.S. On the other hand, voters seem likely to be impressed by the fact that Bishop Dibelius of Berlin is now openly supporting the S.P.D. line, while Herr Kaiser, the Minister for All-German Affairs, has also expressed concern lest, by giving priority in time to "Western integration," the Federal Republic may lose irrevocably any chance there is of Russian assent to free elections and the formation of an All-German Government.

Coal Balance Sheet

Current talk of a "coal crisis" next winter is premature and reflects, in many cases, mere bias against the miners and the N.C.B. Nevertheless, the half-year's account of output and consumption is not wholly satisfactory. Though the average weekly figure of men on colliery books is up by 9,000, saleable output is almost identical with that for the first half of 1952. Inland consumption is up by 2m. tons, and there has been an increase of about 1m. tons in the amount absorbed by export and bunkers. Distributed stocks are now 1.3m. tons lower than a year ago, and merchants' stocks of coal are uncomfortably low. On the other hand, stocks of open-cast coal at sites are 1m. tons higher than last year—a useful addition to supplies for public utility undertakings.

In view of the stock situation, the decision to increase the price of top-grade house coal is sound: the more consumers can be persuaded to instal grates capable of using economically low-grade coals, the better. But the real question is whether the N.C.B. can build up total stocks to 18m. tons or so before winter. The Coronation interruption is over, and saleable output obtained from Saturday working has increased satisfactorily; but the Board has to reckon with a further loss of 1.8m. tons in output through paid holidays in the second half of the year. Up to July 4, there had been a serious increase in involuntary absenteeism, due partly to influenza in the early weeks of the year, and partly (it may be) to the fact that the whole of the bonus shift is no longer forfeited if a miner is prevented by sickness from working five shifts in the week. Possibly, as a result of longer holidays on pay this summer, absenteeism will decline in the autumn; but the fact has to be faced that this country is now consuming internally over 30m. tons a year more than in 1938. The coal industry will not be geared adequately to an expanding economy until the long-term plans for new sinkings and developments have matured.

Wages Front

The agricultural workers have been given a wage advance of 7s. a week by the Wages Board; and advances of from 4s. 6d. for women and 5s. 6d. to 6s. for men are recommended by the Wages Council for the drapery trades. These are the first of the many wage applications brought forward during the past few months to reach the final stage. The advances are much smaller than the unions' demands; but they are substantial in relation to the movement of the official index of retail prices during recent months. This index, based on June, 1947, stood at 140 this May, as compared with 135 a year before; but it is only two points up on the figure reached last June, when the Budget changes had taken effect. Last year, the farm workers got 5s., after a much steeper rise in retail prices. This year, the demands range from the 15 per cent. advance asked for by the engineers and shipbuilders, and the 10 per cent. of the cotton operatives, to the 15s. claim of the distributive workers. Others in the queue include miners and railwaymen—who are only now settling what to ask for —dockers, clothing workers, electricity supply workers, tobacco workers and the furnishing trades. It looks as if 6s. or 7s. will be the increase set by arbitrators, if the unions agree to accept arbitration. In face of Mr. Butler's Budget and the prevailing tendency for prices to be differential more sharply as between goods of differing quality, the unions will certainly not rest content without something fairly substantial. It should, however, be noted that Mr. Franklin, in his presidential address to the N.U.R. Congress, came out in favour of a "wages pool," as against the present scramble for advances by each separate industry. Very slowly, the idea of some sort of wages policy is making progress; but nothing is likely to be done about it while the Government is busy nibbling at the re-distribution of incomes in the interests of the well-to-do.

The Free Trade Unions

There has evidently been a great deal going on behind the scenes of the Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which is now meeting at Stockholm. For a long time past the American Federation of Labour has been gunning for Sir Vincent Tewson, who is President of the I.C.F.T.U. The American complaint, which has not been endorsed by the Congress of Industrial Organisations, is that the British have been dominating the I.C.F.T.U. and have refused to turn it into an instrument of cold war against the Soviet Union. The answer to this charge is that most of the leaders of the I.C.F.T.U. hold that the best way of building up the non-Communist trade union movement in the less developed countries is not anti-Soviet propaganda, but economic and educational help in establishing unions as effective and stable bargaining agencies, as free as possible from political domination. The A.F. of L. has been refusing to co-operate in this policy, and for a time even withheld its contributions to the I.C.F.T.U.; it has recently been trying to convert the C.I.O., as part of the move towards improved relations between the two American trade union groups. This presumably is the origin of the joint cable from Mr. Meany of the A.F. of L. and Mr. Walter Reuther of the C.I.O. to President Eisenhower urging support for the East German trade unionists against the Russians—surely a most dangerous and unwise move. Two East German delegates addressed the I.C.F.T.U. Congress, and received an ovation; but it is to be observed that the cable was sent by the Americans and not by the Congress as a whole. Meanwhile, negotiations have been going on between the British and American delegations; Sir Vincent Tewson has announced that he is not standing for re-election as President; and the A.F. of L. is apparently being appeased. It will be a disaster if appeasement goes so far as to divert the I.C.F.T.U. from the excellent work it has been doing in Asia and Africa and to turn it into a mere agent of political propaganda.

Television and Wavebands

The practical points which seem to emerge from the complex technical report of the Television Advisory Committee are as follows. The two immediately available channels in Band III are sufficient only to enable the B.B.C. to provide complete TV coverage of the country with a single programme. If the Government agencies and private radio services which now occupy the remaining six channels of Band III can be shifted, those fresh channels will all be required for national coverage of a B.B.C. second programme—with the qualification that room would remain for two or three "commercial" stations, one for each of the largest urban centres. With this exception, commercial television would have to be relegated to Bands IV and V, in which service would be more limited in area than in Band III and would involve the use both of more costly adaptors and of transmitters and receivers not yet developed to the point of large-scale production. It is surely unthinkable that the Government should dream of licensing commercial stations in such a way as to hamper the development of a second B.B.C. programme.

Mr. Basil Davidson

On Wednesday, June 24, the Colonial Secretary answered questions in the Commons about the deportation from Kenya of a Lieutenant-Commander Davidson. Certain South African newspapers have incorrectly reported that these questions concerned our Special Correspondent, Mr. Basil Davidson. Mr. Basil Davidson has, in fact, never been expelled from any British colonial territory. Indeed, this journal has made it plain that, at the time of his expulsion last May from Dr. Malan's South Africa, all the British authorities were most helpful in facilitating his visits to Swaziland, the Rhodesias and Kenya.

WASHINGTON

Plan for Liberation?

A Correspondent writes: Just as enthusiasm for "liberation" doctrines was reaching a low ebb, it was revived by the Berlin riots and by reports of unrest elsewhere in Eastern Europe. Though no one seems to be facing the critical question—if risings can be induced, should they be given material or even armed support from the West?—there is a good deal of loose talk about plans to "roll back Communism." According to the *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, Mr. Dulles will present at least an outline of such a plan to his British and French colleagues when they meet in Washington at the end of this week. If the *Journal's* account of the drift of State Department thinking even approximates to the facts, then it is more likely to aggravate than to settle the doubts that already exist in London and Paris.

Events in Berlin, this article suggests, have shown that the satellite governments must ultimately rely on the Soviet Army to maintain order. If, therefore, Soviet troops are withdrawn (in the first instance from East Germany) the way will be open for the local population to "push, short of open revolution, for greater and greater Soviet concessions, finally forcing the Reds by sabotage, passive resistance, public clamour and minor riots to turn the Governments of some of these lands over to the people." Therefore, as a start, the West should propose a plan for German unification which involves the withdrawal of all occupation troops—even at the stiff price of the possible defeat of Adenauer in all-German elections and the disintegration of Nato.

In the meantime, the U.S. would increase its propaganda to Eastern Europe so that "if and when the U.S. is able to get the Soviets to take their troops out . . . then these subject peoples will be ready to roll".

Though the objections to this are obvious, it does clearly offer an alternative to present American policy, which is in a hopeless muddle. In many ways, if the facts are blithely disregarded, it is politically much more attractive. If Nato is proving a troublesome expense, if rearmament is too burdensome for both the American and West European economies, if even "offensive containment" is too passive a policy for anti-Communist Congressmen, then such a technique of "liberation," which throws the main effort on to those who want to be liberated, is undoubtedly preferable. Among other things, it would permit the Administration to make the most courageous noises without running any real risks—until the fatal moment, perhaps, when some people in Eastern Europe take seriously the propaganda of the Americans and the much wilder statements of their own emigré politicians. Then the poker game is over. Either "liberation" is bluff, or it means armed intervention and war. The spectre that is haunting Mr. Dulles at this moment of choice is the memory of the abortive Warsaw Rising.

The End of Dollar Aid

It was Mr. Taft who provided the most realistic directive for the "Little Bermuda" conference between Mr. Dulles, Lord Salisbury and M. Bidault, which began this week in Washington. Last Sunday he announced that he had advised Mr. Stassen, the Mutual Security Director, to submit plans to Congress for winding up the huge agency which he controls. Whereas the tone of the Senate debates had suggested that military assistance, at least, might continue till 1955, Mr. Taft now gave abrupt notice that Congress is most unlikely to vote any further moneys for it after this year.

There is little doubt that Mr. Taft has correctly judged the mood of the Democrats as well as of the Republicans in Washington. Anxiety to achieve a balanced Budget and to reduce taxation, disillusion at the slow progress towards European unity, and a growing recognition that dollars, however lavishly supplied, do not automatically defeat the Communist challenge—all these motives have combined, under a new Republican Administration pledged to economy, to bring Congressmen to the conclusion that the series of aid programmes must cease next year.

The liquidation of Foreign Aid denotes the end of that epoch of American foreign policy which began with Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech in the summer of 1947. The Americans have grown tired of the attempt to contain Communism by means of a world alliance sustained by the dollar. They have always tended to think of foreign policy in terms of specific problems, to which there must be, in the nature of things, complete solutions. But those solutions must be speedily effective if they are to retain popular support. At first, Foreign Aid caught the American imagination by the grandiose simplicity of its design. The U.S. would succour the free peoples and enable them rapidly to rebuild their economies and re-equip their armies. It was a splendid vision, until it became clear that the economic aid would be of infinite size and the rearmament of endless duration. So, with characteristic impetuosity, Congress discards this solution before Mr. Eisenhower has thought up another.

What effect will Mr. Taft's announcement have on the three Foreign Ministers in Washington? Lord Salisbury will have the least to worry about. Dollar aid to Britain was anyway due to end next year, and the consequential cuts in the British arms programme are already taking place. As for M. Bidault, he has been given the final argument for accepting the clearly expressed wish of the National Assembly and cutting losses in Indo-China. Without dollar aid, France will be compelled to seek a negotiated settlement with Ho Chi Minh. Furthermore, the ratification of E.D.C. will not be facilitated by this abrupt shift in American policy. The French people were only induced to accept German rearmament by explicit

assurances from the State Department that their armed strength would not be permitted to fall below that of the Federal Republic. Without many more years of dollar aid, that assurance cannot be made good. M. Bidault has to tell Mr. Dulles that N.A.T.O., as well as E.D.C., may now be a dead letter and that, whoever heads it, the next French Cabinet will almost certainly be forced to adopt the semi-neutralist policy outlined recently by M. Mendès-France.

The man most embarrassed by Mr. Taft is Mr. Dulles himself. The new Secretary of State has been uneasily seeking some way of reconciling his election speeches with the realities of the international situation. Pledged both to cut the American taxpayer's burden and to launch a Cold War offensive, he faces an insoluble dilemma entirely of his own making. The only policy compatible with the liquidation of foreign aid, and the cuts in the American Defence programmes which preceded it, would be a positive response to the peace overtures he has received, first from the Chinese and then from the Kremlin. If the American taxpayer now jibs at the prospect of financing the Western alliance in a long-drawn-out rearmament race, surely the new men in the Kremlin, with their liberalising policies, and the new reasonableness of the Chinese Communists, together offer providential opportunity for calling off the Cold War, and so liquidating the vast burden of overseas commitments which the waging of it involves. Logic demands that cuts in the American Defence and Foreign Aid programmes must be combined with a peace settlement in the Pacific and a determined effort to reach agreement with the Russians about Germany.

To act logically, however, one must be a free agent. Mr. Dulles is not. Instead, he is a prisoner of the evil forces, personified by Senator McCarthy, to which he and Mr. Eisenhower allied themselves in the election. In order to satisfy Mr. Taft's demand for economy and a balanced budget, he must deny the Western alliance the sinews of war. In order to satisfy Senator McCarthy, he must refuse to make peace. "Forward to liberation and back to isolation." This slogan not unfairly describes one side of the shield which Mr. Dulles must present to Lord Salisbury and M. Bidault in Washington. The other side is entitled "Neither trade nor aid." Ever since 1945 the economic unbalance between the U.S. and the rest of the non-Communist world has been rectified, in part, at least, by the export of the American surplus, first under Unrra and then in successive Aid programmes. Now, in the search for a balanced Budget, these devices are to be discarded, and nothing, apparently, is to be put in their place. Since the Western world would be unable either to earn the dollars it requires by trade, or to receive them in aid, this American withdrawal, if fully carried out, would make economic collapse a mathematical certainty.

It may be argued that, in the event, such gloomy prophecies are never realised: the Americans are too sensible a people either to allow a repetition of the economic disasters of 1949 or to permit the Administration to destroy the chances of a peace settlement. We can only hope that this optimism is justified. But if we are to avoid going on the rocks, we must at least admit that they lie directly ahead. With Mr. Eisenhower making cheery speeches on the bridge and Mr. Dulles helpless at the helm, the U.S. is drifting towards them, and Britain is in tow behind. Are we to cut the tow-rope and fend for ourselves, or is there still a chance of persuading the President and the Secretary of State to take control before it is too late?

Before Sir Winston Churchill's indisposition, there was no doubt which course we should take. The Prime Minister had at least created the possibility of ending the Korean war and resuming East-West negotiations. In so doing he had begun to force on the U.S. the only foreign policy compatible either with the cuts in Defence and Foreign Aid which Mr. Taft has been demanding, or with the continuance of the Anglo-American alliance. If disaster is to be avoided, Lord Salisbury must make it clear in Washington that Sir Winston's initiative was not the whim of one outstanding personality but the settled policy of the British nation. If armistice terms, signed on behalf of the United Nations, are flouted and the war is resumed in Korea, no British Government, whatever its complexion, could fail to withdraw its forces and tell Mr. Eisenhower that he must "go it alone" with Syngman Rhee. If Mr. Dulles refuses Four-Power talks and prefers to rearm Western Germany and to exploit the popular movement in Eastern Europe in an attempt to destroy the new men in the Kremlin, he must be made to realise that, in so doing, he nullifies the Atlantic Pact. That Pact was a defensive alliance, designed to deter Russian aggression and to build up a position of strength, which would enable us to negotiate a peaceful settlement of the German problem. If, now that Russia begins to "show willing," that Pact is to be used in order to prevent negotiations and to launch a campaign of "liberation," Britain can no longer feel bound by her signature.

In a remarkable speech recently, Mr. Taft urged that the U.S. should discard the cumbrous machinery of the United Nations, as well as that of Foreign Aid programmes, and rely on a bloc of subsidised satellites—South Korea, Formosa, West Germany, Spain and Turkey. Mr. Dulles must be told clearly that, if this is to be American policy, then Britain will not be a member of the bloc, or participate in its neo-isolationist crusade.

The Traffic War

EVERY summer the traffic war comes to a climax: casualty figures rise and so does the controversy between motorists, pedestrians and the road interests. Each group, as a recent correspondence in *The Times* has emphasised again, can cite impressive statistics to support its special pleading. Manufacturers, motorists and transport undertakings submit the accident rate as evidence of a bad road system; highway authorities promise fewer deaths and injuries in return for more money; pedestrians want stricter regulations and stiffer penalties for offending drivers; and everyone generalises about the cause and character of accidents from his own experience.

The argument is not so much about facts, of which we have plenty, as about different sets of facts. Because the casualty figures are dreadfully high, and because there is strong though unfocused public feeling about them, they are bound to become part of any debate about road transport. Big industry, petrol companies, car makers and road haulage interests, for example, undoubtedly want safer roads. But, as the recent memorandum from the Federation of British Industries shows, they also want more roads and better trunk roads, for obvious economic reasons; it is easier to rally public support by agitation about accidents than by arguing the complicated case that heavy investment on roads will be a more rewarding use of scarce resources than a similar investment on the railways.

It is true that accidents have a high social cost. The common estimate is that they cost the community something like £150 millions a year. It is equally true that the toll in personal suffering is great: last year, 4,706 persons were killed and 203,306 injured. Yet, without minimising these figures, it is important to see them in perspective. Only one person dies on the roads for every two killed in all other kinds of accidents, and for ninety-nine that die from natural and other causes. Eighteen times as many die from cancer as from traffic—only there is no powerful lobby which can capitalise their plight for economic as well as humanitarian reasons.

The terms in which road safety is sometimes discussed have certainly led many people to believe that the traffic toll grows greater every year. The Secretaries of the Royal Automobile Club and its Scottish counterpart, for instance, recently attacked Professor A. L. Goodhart's suggestion of a Royal Commission on the grounds that "immediate action, not further talk, is required, and in this matter time is not on our side. It is fast running out for a great many people." The implication is that the appointment of a Royal Commission would mean that nothing would be done while it sat, and that nobody is doing much but talk at the moment. This is patent nonsense. But the reason why professional spokesmen for the motoring interest have to take this line is that a full statement of the facts seriously weakens their argument.

Their case, simply put, is that far too little is spent on road construction and maintenance. (Contrast, they always add irrelevantly, the amount paid in motor taxation and the sum spent on the roads.) Accidents are caused by bad roads. *Ergo:* spend more on expensive roads and accidents will proportionately decrease.

Now it would be foolish to deny that improvements can reduce the accident rate, for many "black-spots" have been eliminated by re-surfacing, re-aligning junctions, straightening and widening bad stretches. But the road interests, backed by the engineers, so grossly overstate the real case for better highways and "through-routes" that they distract attention from other aspects of the problem. They point out, rightly, that we spend little more on highway building and repair than we did before the war—about £80 million a year—and show that, both in terms of the national income and of actual work done, this means that effective spending is thus greatly below the pre-war level. They add that our roads are increasingly overburdened: there are 67 vehicles for every 1,000 people, the highest figure in Europe; 18 vehicles for every mile of road, a bigger proportion than in the U.S.; and every year more than 250,000 new vehicles are being driven out

on to a road network that has increased by only 5 per cent. since 1911. With an annual total of about 36,000 million vehicle miles being run each year, as against 30,000 million in 1938, and with a substantially increased population, one would naturally expect to find that the casualty rate was soaring.

Yet the reverse is true. There is a marked downward trend, as shown below.

Year	*Popula-tion*	*Vehicles*	*Fuel Used*	*Deaths*	*Casual-ties*
1938	100	100	100	100	100
1951	106	150	127	79	93

It is possible to express this trend in other ways. The risk of being killed in any year, for instance, has fallen from one chance in seven thousand to one in ten thousand. Or you can show that in 1938 there were 22 persons killed for every 10,000 vehicles, while today the proportion is only 11 for every 10,000. Obviously, despite the fact that we are spending less on the roads, more of us are driving farther—and killing fewer.

The casualty rate, all the same, is far too high to permit complacency. But, once again, before admitting it as overwhelming evidence for an enormous and quite possibly uneconomic expenditure on new highways, it is worth discovering where accidents happen, and why they occur. The vast majority happen in towns, where there is great traffic density. Here are the 1951 figures for accidents involving personal injury.

In Thousands

	Straight Road	*Bend*	*Junc-tion*	*Cross-Road*
Speed Limit :	52.3	14.4	43.7	22.5
No Limit :	17.9	13.5	6.7	3.1

In fact 78 per cent. of all accidents take place in built-up areas, where pedestrians walk most and motorists drive most. Since this is the case, so far as "road safety can be bought" as the spokesmen of road users insisted in *The Times* on May 28, it can best be bought by spending money at thousands of danger spots scattered around our towns. For most of these the by-pass and the trunk roads are no remedy; for many of them there is no drastic remedy at all. There is too much traffic and too many pedestrians who cannot be shunted anywhere else. Safety, in such circumstances, must be sought and bought by many minor changes—crossings, guard rails, roundabouts, one-way streets—and by a steady improvement in road habits, not by spectacular engineering.

Road accidents are not caused solely either by bad conditions or by careless humans. It is these two in combination that are deadly. Consider, for example, this table of blame.

Contributing to the accident : 1951 *figures.*	
Car drivers	31,000
Motor-cyclists	23,000
Pedal-cyclists	34,000
Goods drivers	20,000
Other drivers	12,000
Pedestrians	48,000
Passengers	14,000
Other factors (mechanical failure, road surface, weather, dogs, etc.)	23,000

The human factor—most affected by education and enforcement—is brought out even more strikingly by an analysis of the victims of accidents. The age at which pedestrians are most likely to be killed or injured is five; for cyclists it is fifteen; for motor-cyclists it is the early twenties. In short, the most dangerous period is one at which the victim has not yet learnt full control, either of himself or his vehicle. Examine, too, the hours at which accidents occur, and observe the peak between 10 and 11 on Saturday and Sunday evenings. These are not the only moments of peak danger in the week, but they are significant ones.

The obvious deduction from all these figures is that if the accident rate is falling, it is at least as much due to improved road behaviour—secured in great measure through excellently conceived safety campaigns—as it is to physical remedies. And if this is the case, it enables the argument for vastly increased expenditure on roads to be examined more strictly on its economic than on its sentimental merits. How much we should spend on road investment is a vital question. It has been argued that money spent on road improvement could produce an increase in net productivity three times as great as the same investment in steel or oil production, and it seems that we already spend about one-tenth of our national resources on road transport. But that claim, in Britain's present economic conditions, has to be set against the existing investment in railways, and the dividends that greater use of the railways would pay. Last week-end, the British Road Federation issued a statement complaining that, as a result of the Harrow disaster, far more is being spent on railway than on road safety, and supporting the F.B.I. demand for the urgent development of trunk roads. But that is a different traffic war.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

THE secret of the Prime Minister's illness is well kept. First, the side-of-the-mouth story that there is nothing at all the matter with him and that he has been prevented from carrying on his peace policy lest he should be too easy with the Russians is obvious nonsense, because, whatever else is true of Sir Winston, he is not the man to be cajoled, bullied, tricked, or otherwise put off a path he has chosen for himself. Secondly, it is also clear that his illness is not of an incapacitating character since some Cabinet papers are sent to him and well-known public characters have been to see him. The third bit of evidence is that he was all right on Wednesday and away from the House of Commons on Thursday. He had a meeting with Ministers on Wednesday evening. The deduction commonly made is that he had some form of breakdown, faint, or black-out during that evening; that he recovered from it, but that he was warned that he must take a period of rest. The further deduction is made—for which there is no evidence at all—that the Wednesday night trouble was due to an outbreak of fury with Cabinet colleagues who objected to the emphasis which, on his instructions, Selwyn Lloyd had put, in the House of Commons, on the restraint shown by the Russians in Berlin. But this, as I say, is nothing but rumour.

* * *

I am surprised that Herbert Morrison has accepted the invitation of the National Union of Mineworkers who want him to be their candidate for the Labour Party's treasurership at Margate next October. I realise, of course, that his success can be made a mathematical certainty if Mr. Deakin, Mr. Williamson, and one or two others are also ready to give him the block votes of their Unions. But if Mr. Morrison chooses this method of returning to the Executive, it will be at the cost of Arthur Greenwood. To contrive defeat for a well-loved veteran—especially when that defeat will be announced on the second day of the Conference of which he is chairman—would bring no credit on Mr. Morrison or his backers.

Curiously enough, Mr. Morrison first tried for the treasurership ten years ago. On that occasion he was defeated because Ernest Bevin mistrusted him and backed his rival—Mr. Greenwood. Now apparently Bevin's successors regard Herbert as their white hope in the battle against the Bevanites, and are ready to drop Arthur Greenwood on the ground that he has failed them by behaving with good-humoured impartiality at the meetings of the National Executive over which he has been presiding this year. The same charge is being levelled against Eirene White, one of the five women members who (unlike the seven constituency members) depend on the block vote. Apparently the Big Four of the T.U.C. have decided to replace Mrs. White, who has occasionally failed to toe the line laid down by the twelve trade union members of the Executive, by Mrs. Braddock who, after sowing her Left-wing oats, is now reckoned completely reliable. These manœuvres are excused on the ground that they are necessary in order to restore unity and loyalty. They are likely to have precisely the opposite effect.

* * *

Since the first object of setting up an Inquiry into the Evans case is to meet a very proper public anxiety, the decision not to ask Parliament to sanction a public inquiry seems deplorable. There are arguments for privacy: administratively the task of conducting such a tricky investigation is easier in secret; secrecy also encourages some people to give evidence who might otherwise hesitate to do so. But granted all that, a secret inquiry into this particular matter must fail in its purpose. Public opinion has sensed a considerable probability (to put it no higher) that an innocent man was hanged and that the authorities would like to hush it up. Anything that looks like a white-washing report, based on secret evidence and cross-examination, will never be believed.

* * *

I am more disturbed, however, about the position of Christie himself. Any inquiry that is worth holding must start with his evidence. And that evidence must be given free of the fear that it may influence his own fate. How can reliance be placed on the testimony of a man standing under the shadow of the gallows and fighting for the chance of life? Could he conceivably rid his mind of the belief that his evidence must inevitably have some bearing on his petition for reprieve? The bare assurance of even so righteous a Home Secretary as Sir David Maxwell Fyfe would not suffice to convince me, in such a situation, that my testimony might not seal my fate—or, alternatively, if it happened to find favour with the police, save my life. Why, indeed, should Christie testify at all? If he chooses to say, "I will give no help to the society which next week puts me to death," a curious situation arises. Public opinion demands an inquiry: the inquiry cannot take place effectively without Christie's voluntary assistance: Christie bargains his assistance for his life . . . . I can see no chance that the Inquiry will allay public anxiety, unless the Home Secretary starts by announcing, without any delay, the reprieve of Christie.

* * *

I found myself last week among a group of people who were celebrating Dimitrov Day. Many of them, of course, were Communists, but it was Communism already with a difference. For Stalin's name was not mentioned, and everyone knew that no Communist would have even mentioned Dimitrov's name if he had lived a little longer for Stalin to purge him. He died just in time to remain a Communist hero. And that made everyone happy, for they were celebrating, not Stalin's perversion of Communism, but the

genuinely democratic concept of working-class revolution to which Dimitrov testified with such magnificent courage at the Reichstag fire trial in 1933. And in 1953, though Communists might be mourning comrades killed in Prague, they can celebrate Dimitrov in good heart; for, in the last months since Stalin's death, his successors appeared to be trying to find their way back to a freer form of Communism. Best sign of all, it is apparently now possible to change a Government in a Communist country without condemning its members as traitors!

* * *

Curiosity took Critic (and about 1,600 other people) to the L.C.C. Gala when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid their official visit on Monday night. The terrace by the flood-lit river looked remarkably fine. So did many of the guests with rows of ribbons, tiaras and party frocks. Everything was beautifully arranged. When They arrived, ropes were used to make temporary gangways and everyone lined up to see Them pass. They marched through at a brisk pace with relatives and satellites in a crocodile behind them. The Queen was even prettier than her photographs and the Duke had a frozen smile on his handsome countenance. Fancy having to do this every day, several times a day! No one, it seemed to me, ought to be called upon to live such a life. There may have been interesting people among the guests with whom the Queen and the Duke would like to have talked. One Socialist in a lounge suit told me that on such occasions he kept on thinking of Keir Hardie. The Socialists, he said, were trying to go one better than the Tories, and, as Abingdon showed, it did not even pay political dividends. Why didn't the L.C.C. have an ordinary friendly party and welcome the Queen and the Duke like other people so that they could mix up and talk?

* * *

At Waterloo I got into a carriage reserved for people mostly, but not all, old Bedalians who were on their way to the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Bedales School. I was immediately conscious that I knew many people there, but could remember few of their names. A minute later an old friend, whose name completely escaped me, was consulting me in an urgent whisper about the name of a close acquaintance two seats off. Such gatherings, if one is hardened to this strange middle-aged disease of amnesia, can be full of amusing surprises from the past. This was a most remarkable occasion, for Badley and his wife and their second master, Mr. Pole, who began the school with three pupils in 1893, were all present; they had lived to see the tree which had grown from the acorn they had planted. I should say myself that Bedales has been the most successful of English co-educational schools. As usual the decisive factor has been the personality of a great educationist. Today the school's scholarship record is by no means bad and its success in the other, more important if less utilitarian forms of achievement, quite surprising. The opening speech was made by Sir Maurice Bowra, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. His main point was that Bedales was the sort of school where children were allowed to specialise and learn the things in which they were most interested with the result that they were happy as well as successful students.

* * *

Two ladies from the provinces were seated on a London bus. One said: "Have you been to the Tower yet?" The second answered: "No, not yet, its such a long way. Isn't it funny to have put it in such an out of the way place?"

CRITIC

ON SAFARI

One of the most successful kills of the week-end was carried out by the Kenya regiment.—*Daily Telegraph*, July 8.

I am not encouraging a competition in casualties between units.—General Erskine, July 8.

Operation Buttercup!
Soldiers on safari!
Regiments are mopping-up,
The ragged Kuke their quarry.
The game is tracked, the hunt's away,
The Fusiliers to the Devons say
"How many Kukes have you bagged to-day?"
In Kenya on safari.

But the General cries as the bombers roar,
"Remember Britain's mission.
This isn't a full-scale, all-out war,
But a punitive expedition."

Mau Mau hunting as a sport
By all should be resisted,
Loyal Kikuyu give support
And have the sweep assisted.
But Kukes break cover, the chase is hot,
The African Rifles take a shot,
And the Buffs are asking "What have you got?"
When casualties are listed.

Though the General says "I must deplore
This shooting competition,
It isn't the thing to count the score
On a punitive expedition."

Troops fan out to left and right,
The jungle hide-outs beating,
Bombers are setting tall grass alight,
The Mau Mau rout completing.
Winkled out in the week-end drives,
Terrorist Kukes who run for their lives,
With sticks and stones and dangerous knives,
Are potted while retreating.

One side has weapons and planes galore,
One side no ammunition,
And that's the difference between a war
And a punitive expedition.

Marksmen at the week-end kill
Feel some exultation,
But the hope of Kuke goodwill
Prompts the operation.
After the hunt with shell and gun,
After the rebels are on the run,
Punitive action may have won
The whole Kikuyu nation.

For Britain's General asks no more
Than loyalty and submission,
And that's the difference between a war
And a punitive expedition.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

An English tourist landed at Elsinore, which has been sweltering near the nineties, and was taken to hospital with heat-stroke. There he was found to be wearing a winter overcoat, tweed jacket and trousers, two waistcoats, woollen vest, woollen pants, and a pair of mittens.—*Evening Standard.* (R. C. Aldridge.)

The manifestation of a ghost at a banquet, prophecies made and fulfilled, and a seance at which no less than twelve apparations appear are the psychic pivots round which revolves the plot of Shakespeare's *Macbeth.*—*Psychic News.* (M. Fowler.)

"I know of young couples who stay at home on a Sunday evening when they could be out doing a bit of courting, and if there is no courting there will be no marriage, no children and, in the end, there will be no nation. We could become a nation of viewers instead of a nation of doers."—*Western Daily Press.* (J. W. Edgell.)

Tito's Peasants

A REVOLUTION within a revolution is happening in Yugoslavia today. The upheaval in Yugoslav agriculture that is at present agitating the minds of twelve million people living on and off the land, as well as those of the country's rulers, is the result of one of those deliberate acts of reversal of policy which have marked most aspects of life there since the breach between Belgrade and Moscow. Briefly, it is the renunciation of the dogma that collective farming, to the exclusion of all other forms of agrarian tenure, is the only way to prosperity for a country going through the first frantic and intensive stages of industrialisation.

It will be remembered that one of the main charges Moscow levelled against Tito and his friends in 1948 was that they were neglecting the "class struggle in the village." Actually what the Yugoslavs did, long before the rupture with Moscow, was to try to devise an agricultural policy involving the least possible element of coercion and leading to the substitution of co-operative farming for private ownership on the land. As far back as 1943 at Jajce, A.V.N.O.J., the Anti-Fascist Council of National Liberation, drafted the basic principles of a future land reform which became law in 1945 and was implemented before the end of 1946, previous to the launching of the Five-Year Plan. One of the principal features of the reform was the establishment of the so-called Peasant Working Co-operatives which were at the time the only concession—though, even then, greatly watered down—to the Soviet concept of collectivised farming. At the same time the Yugoslav leaders left no doubt in the minds of the land-owning peasant that they expected the Co-operatives to form the backbone of the country's agrarian future.

The policy was to whittle away the material and social basis of the wealthy and medium peasants by more or less subtle forms of economic coercion, so as to induce them to join up with local Co-operatives. This was partly done by withholding credits for seeds, fertilisers and machinery; but the peasant was also compelled to sell to the State at fixed prices the lion's share of his produce for cash that bought very few coveted consumer goods in a scarcity-ridden market. Still, even with such powerful deterrents to individual farming, only 18 per cent., according to official statistics, of wealthy and medium peasants could in fact be "persuaded" to join the new collectives. This was not the only danger signal that all was not well. For, as is widely agreed, a new departure had become urgently necessary, as Kardelj wrote, in order to "wipe out bureaucratic administrative measures which thwarted the development of agricultural co-operatives and . . . of agriculture in our country in general."

As in every other field of social, political and economic life in Yugoslavia today, in agriculture too the country's leaders are frolicking on the newly discovered meadows of empiricism. Both M. Todorovic, the agricultural Minister, and M. Moma Markovic, President of the Council of Co-operatives, conceded to me that they won't know exactly how the new Decree will work out until it is quite clear—probably not until October—how many peasants and what type of peasants will actually use their newly gained freedom to pull out of the "old type" Co-operative.

The Decree, which will without doubt revolutionise (or, as many well-to-do peasants obviously hoped, completely counter-revolutionise) Yugoslav agriculture, is an extremely complex legal instrument which provides not only for the withdrawal of peasants from the Co-operatives if they wish to do so, but goes into minute details of the complicated

reorganisation of Co-operatives after such withdrawals. For one obvious consequence of the new law is that a great many of the present six thousand Co-operatives will not remain viable economic units after all or even some of the participating peasants have taken their land out of the common pool. How to handle these rump collectives is one of the two main headaches of the Government. How to re-absorb productively into the agrarian economy hundreds of thousands of landless peasants, whom the agrarian reform of 1945 and the creation of the Co-operatives had for the first time lifted out of the depressed ranks of an agrarian proletariat, is the other.

The problems facing the Government in the reorganisation of the Co-operatives are tremendous. As matters stood, Vojvodina alone would have had more than 60,000 landless peasants on its hands by October 1, the deadline for the registration of withdrawals under the Decree. On May 22, aiming at a partial solution, the Government issued a Decree which amounted to a second instalment of the 1945 Land Reform. That had left the well-to-do peasants with maximum holdings ranging from 50 to 75 acres, according to the quality of their land and the number of family members. The new Decree reduces the maximum holding of privately owned *cultivated* land to 25 acres, but exempts forest and pasture. At the same time it allows special allotments of up to 12 acres to large families. Land acquired from well-to-do peasants at current market prices is to be paid for in annual instalments over a period of 20 years and is to be placed under the temporary administration of local and regional authorities. These will in turn make this new land reserve pool available to remaining or newly formed Co-operatives run by landless peasants under their own Workers' Councils.

In judging the ultimate results of this measure, both on land-owning peasants and on landless labourers, it should be borne in mind that the purpose of the first Decree—which must have cost Yugoslav Marxists the most anxious heart-searchings—was clearly a dual one: the urgent raising of productivity on the land as an essential concomitant to industrialisation, and, as a very senior member of the Central Committee of the Communist League put it to me, "the achievement, if not of active support, at least of passive loyalty" of those millions of Yugoslav peasants who have never taken kindly to Socialist measures on the land. The further cut in the maximum land holding described above is clearly the outcome of a very careful assessment of the potential gain on the swings as against the probable loss on the roundabouts, *i.e.*, whether the psychological, political and economic effect of such a measure on the well-to-do peasants will be offset by both its political and economic effects upon the poor peasants and their future efforts to make a go of their collective farms after the withdrawal of their more prosperous brethren. At the same time, all the men with whom I discussed this question made it quite clear that the Government do not intend that this second dose of land reform, affecting less than 4 per cent. of the agrarian population, should injure in any way the individual peasants' productivity on such land as they and their families are able to cultivate unaided.

Previous land reforms in Eastern Europe between the wars have demonstrated that, without agrarian credits, such reforms were usually stillborn and led to the uneconomical fragmentation of formerly viable, if feudal, agricultural units. This lesson, too, has not been lost on the Yugoslav policy-makers, and they make no bones about their determination to handle agrarian credits as an effective tool to prevent the emergence of "capitalist elements" in the village. It is obviously their intention to give absolute priority to Co-operatives in the field of short-term and long-term (investment) credits, though individual peasants will be able to apply for credits for such items as fertilisers, seeds, certain repairs, etc. What they will not get is a bank credit for, say, the purchase of a tractor or other mechanised agricultural equipment. For not only is there still a critical shortage of all such equipment, but the avowed purpose of the Government is that the means of production (except the land itself) should remain social property in the hands of the Co-operatives.

The Decrees have aroused great controversy. Some voices have been loudly proclaiming that the first Decree meant the re-birth of capitalism in the countryside. But as M. Bakaric, head of the Croatian Provincial Government, has said: "We will, if you want to call it that, restore the complete capitalist system, but minus the capitalists. The capitalists will be the working collective." The facts are rather that the Government is proceeding, by trial and error, to find out how to make of their peasantry a solid and integral element, political as well as economic, of "their own" revolution.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

Malthus's Ghost

[In recent issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, articles by Nigel Harvey (May 30) and Aylmer Vallance (June 20) gave an account of the contribution which is being made, respectively, by plant-breeders and plant-protectors towards solution of the problem of world food shortage. One question remains: Ritchie Calder, in the following article, considers the question whether the ghost of Malthus can be finally exorcised without the application in backward, over-populated areas of new methods of contraception.]

THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS, dead these 118 years, still persists as the sepulchral voice which heckles anyone who dares discuss Mutual Aid to the under-developed countries and as the poltergeist who throws a spanner in the works of any enterprise designed to relieve world poverty. What, runs the Malthusian refrain, is the use of helping people if we are condemning them to die painfully of famine? And the ghost reminds us that the world's population is increasing at the rate of 70,000 a day—a Cup Final crowd arriving without their rations.

The bare facts of simple arithmetic would appear to confirm Malthus, who argued that population increases in geometric progression while food can only increase in arithmetic progression. Without the checks of war, and pestilence and famine, the growth of population will (on his argument) degrade the standards not only of the already poor but of the whole community. This is the doctrine of the inevitability of poverty, which was such a useful bromide in the 19th Century. As J. L. and Barbara Hammond said in *The Town Labourer*, "Malthus put a cushion under the conscience of the upper classes" and as H. L. Beales points out in *Introduction to Malthus*, edited by D. V. Glass (*Watts*, 10s. 6d.), "he was a godsend to the conservative and frightened people who feared the spread in England of French revolutionary ideas and behaviour."

And so it is proving again—on a world scale. The well-to-do nations can produce similar arguments for keeping the impoverished countries poor. They are used to discourage Technical Assistance (particularly in the medical fields) and to justify cuts in contributions to such things as the U.N. Children's Fund. Even in British Labour meetings I have met the question "Why should we sacrifice our hard-won standards?" Hard won, yes, against the Malthusian Doctrine, for we are a population of 50,000,000—twice as many people as these islands can feed. And we have a population density of 750 per square mile—higher than any country except the Netherlands and three times as high as "over-populated" India. But we are living in a Malthusian paradox: with a population excess we are subsidising babies through family allowances because the birthrate has dangerously declined.

Malthus's reasoning was sound enough to persuade, or at least disturb, thoughtful people. He delayed social services for nearly a century. He influenced the older Charles Darwin in his thinking on "The Origin Of Species" and, in turn, Malthusians seized upon Natural Selection and The Survival of the Fittest as reinforcing their case. They did not accept T. H. Huxley's ethics of evolution "Not the survival of the fittest but the fitting of as many as possible to survive." They preferred to stretch the analogies of animal ecology far beyond validity to justify "the inevitability of poverty."

William Vogt, the neo-Malthusian, who is prepared to see the lesser breeds die in the ditch of the American "Road to Survival" has popularised the equation C=B:E. In this, "C" means the carrying capacity of any area of land, whether it is a Highland croft or the whole earth's surface. "B" is biotic potential, which means the living produce of that land. And "E" is environmental resistance—climatic conditions, the nature of the soil, or man-made complications like erosion. The carrying capacity—in human terms, the population which a given area can support—is the ratio between those two other factors.

This, as presented by Vogt, is a threatening equation, but it need not be. The biotic potential—crops for food, clothing or shelter—can be increased by the proper use of science. Plant breeding or improved cultivation can make many ears of wheat grow where one (or none) grew before. The environmental resistance can be modified by pushing out, as we have done, the climatic frontiers by the adaptation of plants and animals to conditions which were previously regarded as inhospitable. It is not true to say that there are no land equivalent to the prairies, the pampas and the velt which rescued Europe from its Malthusian fate in the 19th Century. There are millions of square miles of desert or arid uplands, and jungle which could be irrigated and recovered. I have seen deserts under cultivation and rich harvests won from the jungle. I have seen rice-terraces brought into being on volcanic hill-sides by making canals along the ridges.

"B" can be immeasurably increased by our existing knowledge. "E" can be reduced. The world can support far more people than it does at present. Even India, increasing its population by the equivalent of the Scottish nation every year, is nowhere near its "biotic potential." Production is low because of poor types of crops, poor cultivation, ill-nourished soil, and bad systems of land-tenure. But even at that only 43 per cent. of the land is under cultivation. Of the remaining 57 per cent., great tracts are malarial jungle and uplands sparsely cultivated because the water which drowns the plains has not been controlled and diverted to slake the thirstlands.

One of the biggest factors in under-cultivation, not only in India but throughout the under-developed territories, is human diseases. People who are sick cannot work to produce food, without which they are malnourished and sick. But the dilemma—for the Malthusians—is that if the diseases are removed so that that they can produce more food, more people will survive to eat that food. Yet these countries cannot be de-

veloped either to maintain their populations or to open up the natural resources for which the highly developed countries are clamouring, unless disease is removed. But the equation can be balanced if, in addition to increasing "B" and reducing "E," the population which "C" has to carry is also reduced. When Malthus was not leaving that to the "natural" sanctions of war, pestilence and famine, he was counselling "moral restraints," by which he meant celibacy, and postponed marriages. He would have been horrified if he had foreseen that Place, Bradlaugh and Annie Besant would use his own arguments to justify artificial contraception.

Perhaps, as Professor Glass points out in *Introduction to Malthus*, the only country which has ever approached the Malthusian ideal is Catholic Eire. As a result of the potato famine in the 1840s the population declined and has never recovered. In 1851 the population of the 26 counties was 5,100,000; in 1946 it was 2,960,000. This was partly accounted for by the consistent emigration, particularly of women. In 1936 there were 952 females per 1,000 males and a third of the men were unmarried (as compared with one in ten in Britain). Another factor was late marriage. But, in spite of religious disapproval, the difference in size of families between the professional and other groups leaves no doubt that some form of family limitation has been practised for a considerable time.

There is no question, as Nehru has recognised, but that family planning and birth-control must be brought in to help balance the equation. But here we have the spectacle of the Catholic minority in the world dictating to the vast majority. The World Health Organisation has been barred by its Assembly from even considering the medical aspects of population control. Nor was it the Vatican's "card-vote" of Catholic countries which decided that but the cowardly abstention of the paymaster countries—U.S. and Britain. That will not prevent India from going ahead—without U.N. help—and a big birth-control conference has already been held in Bombay. The problem there is not religion, but poverty and ignorance. There is an urgent need for cheap and reliable methods of birth-control. They must be at the disposal of the women, because it will be they who will take the initiative.

One of the real possibilities is an oral contraceptive—a pill temporarily to prevent the germination of the ovum. Claims have been made for such a drug in America, but they are highly questionable. The results as shown are quite impressive, but it means male and female taking a series of pills throughout the day so that the inhibitor can spread through the system and prevent the fertilisation taking place. It is a ritual, and an expensive one. In this country researches are going on, which require research-grants and encouragement, to find factors in certain plants, British equivalents to the kind which South American Indians have used contraceptively. If they do not require an elaborate regimen, if they are cheap and if they can be produced in the poorer countries, they can help to equate C to B : E. This is not quackery but highly responsible research.

The converse of Malthus is true. If we reduce poverty, raise people to decent standards, give them an opportunity to better themselves and their children, the factors that have operated in every industrialised country will operate again. They will not breed indiscriminately and the rising curve of population will level out. Condemn them to live like animals and they will breed like animals.

RITCHIE CALDER

Federation of Central Africa

II. Empire-Building : Style of '53

THESE wide uplands of Central Africa are always disappointing in their sparsity of people. You notice it when flying over the Zambezi from Salisbury to Lusaka, and beyond Lusaka to the Copperbelt. You notice it again over the long stretch that takes you from the Copperbelt into the northerly provinces of Northern Rhodesia, and away to Abercorn at the southern tip of Lake Tanganyika. A wilderness of woolly green scrub and flayed patches of rock may shelter game ; it shelters little enough in the way of human life. Only here and there can you mark a solitary village, seeming from the air like a spider's web with its paths that grope radially into the nothingness of the bush. Along the Luapula River, there are a few villages of the fishing Bemba and neighbouring tribes ; and there are more fishing villages on Lake Bengwelu, wide and blue and utterly empty but for a few inhabited islands. These apart, the waters and the *bundu* flow onward to the horizon, unpeopled, inhospitable. Though half the size of India, the Federation has only 6½ million people.

This poverty in people is misleading. Central Africa is not therefore negligible. If it were so, the advocates of federation might have cried in vain. What governs British Central Africa is not the soil, but the sub-soil. There is concentrated here the greatest combination of mining interests of any that Africa has seen since Cecil Rhodes operated on the Rand. To think about the future of this federation without examining the interests and intentions of the mining companies would be to argue in a vacuum. Their interests are paramount—to the point, for example, that the Northern Rhodesian Government has usually made it a habit to refer privately to the mining companies all proposed legislation likely to affect them ; and their intentions will profoundly influence every inhabitant of Central Africa, whether white or black.

Until 1924, the British South Africa Company—Rhodes's chartered corporation—governed Northern Rhodesia. It did so in an off-hand casual way which caused the pioneer settlers to hate "the Company" with an intensity later reserved for the Colonial Office. Its notion of government was to allow everything to remain as nearly as possible as it was : the time for development still lay ahead. Then, in the middle Twenties, after the Colonial Office had taken over (though not in consequence of that), the first copper mine began delivering ore : Kansanshi, a small mine, was followed by other and bigger mines. By the early Thirties the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt had become an important factor in the raw materials market. Today, with its sister-area just across the frontier of the Belgian Congo, it supplies about a quarter of the Western world's copper.

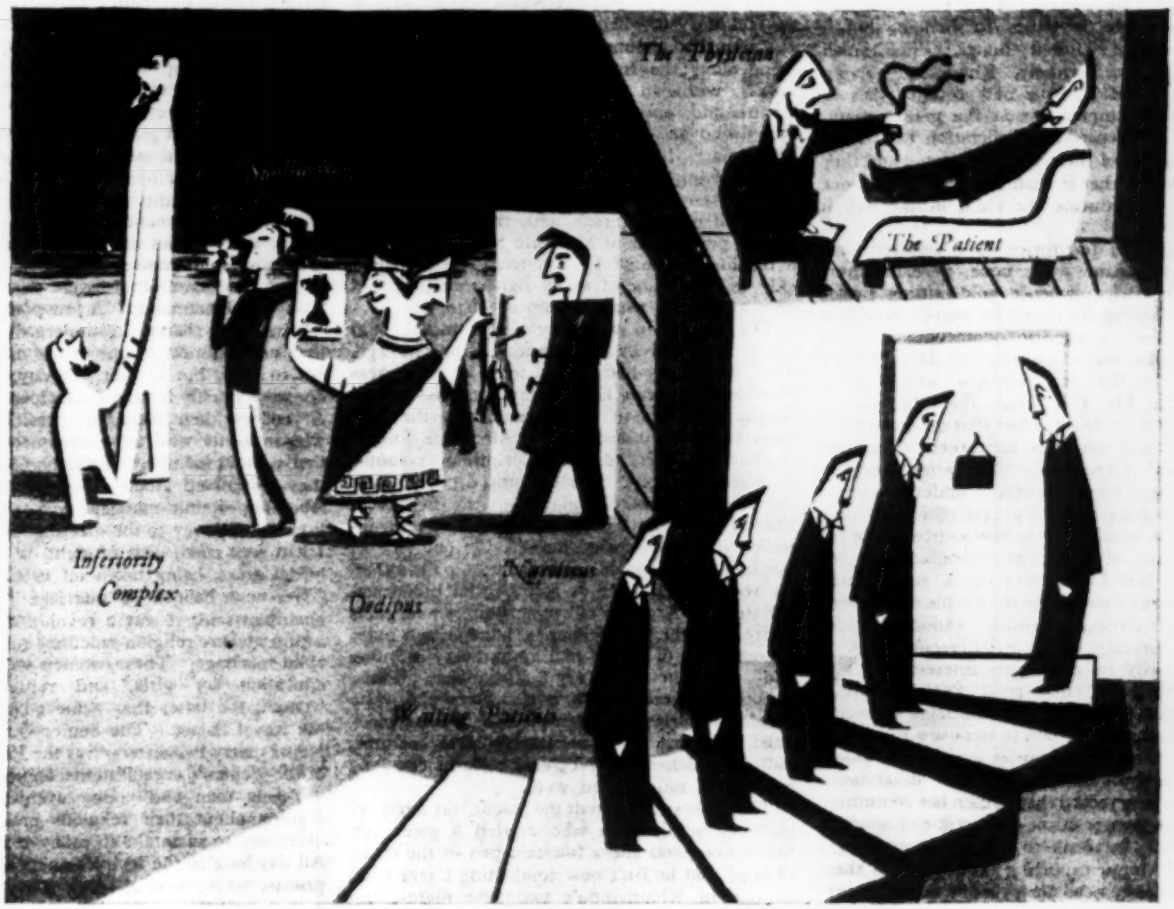
Bigger interests began to take a hand. Now there are four big copper mines and one big lead mine in Northern Rhodesia. The lead mine and two of the copper mines belong to the Anglo-American Corporation, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's South African gold-mining giant : and the other two copper mines belong to the Selection Trust, sometimes known as the Chester Beatty group of New York. Meanwhile, uranium became important ; and big deposits of the right kind of uranium were available in the Belgian Congo. (Smaller deposits, either an extension of the Congo system or associated with cobalt, are now under development in Northern Rhodesia). Thanks to pressure by the American Administration, as very exactly described in the posthumously published memoirs of Senator Vandenberg, an important block of shares in the Union Minière du Haut Katanga (which operates the Congo uranium) passed from the hands of the British Government to those of the Rockefeller interests. This was described by Vandenberg as one of the conditions of granting Marshall Aid to Britain in 1948 ; and it marked the first big penetration of American capital into Central Africa.

The agent of this transfer was a somewhat mysterious but obviously important holding company called Tanganyika Concessions. A glance at its board of directors shows that "Tanks" serves in fact as a means of linking up these big mining interests. Its own possessions are also large. Apart from important mining concessions in East Africa, "Tanks" holds about one-seventh of the capital shares in the Union Minière (Congo uranium, copper, etc.) and nearly all the shares in the Benguela Railway—the only railway linking Central Africa with the Atlantic. Its board is a galaxy of financial magnates from Britain, South Africa, the United States, Belgium and Portugal.

Besides all this, the British South Africa Company still owns the mining royalties in Northern Rhodesia for many years to come, and still has mineral concessions in Nyasaland over an area of 16,000 square miles. Closely interlocked, these four giants—Anglo-American, Selection Trust, "Tanks," and the B.S.A. Company—own or control everything that is worth speaking of beneath the soil of Central Africa, apart from the small gold mines of Southern Rhodesia. Anglo-American has just completed the picture by acquiring from Powell-Duffryn the only source of coal, Wankie Colliery, in the federated territories.

The nature of this mining monopoly bears heavily on the inhabitants, both White and Black. It was a White businessman in Northern Rhodesia who pointed out to me that while the revenue of Northern Rhodesia for 1952 was £30 millions, another £30 millions or thereabouts was leaving the country every year in the form of profits, mainly from mining ; and this figure has received confirmation from Sir Roland Welensky himself. That the Administration has consistently deferred to the supremacy of mining interests is once more suggested by the astonishing fact that the copper-mining companies are at present being allowed to write off capital expenditure, in opening new mines, against profits over a period of five years. Northern Rhodesia is thus being deprived of the fruits of taxation from mining companies whose dividends can reasonably be described as stupendous. No wonder it is said that new American mining capital will shortly come flowing into Central Africa : it could scarcely hope for better conditions. This is "luxury imperialism" indeed.

When the present British Government speaks of the economic advantages of federation, it is manifestly thinking of the interest of these mining corporations, since other economic advantages are relatively negligible. And the interest of the mining corporations, of course, is to exploit these territories without the fear of "White supremacy" coming to an end. It seems that they now feel secure in that direction. Since about 1950—when federation was planned anew—the mining corporations have been transferring their headquarters from London to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, where—as a



Schweppshire Shows the Way

5. RE-INHIBITATING CENTRE

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"COMPLEXO" OUTFIT for DE-PSYCHO-ANALYSIS
1
2
3
4
1. A Schnoodle (for bolstering). 2. Large Helping (for restoring the Freudian Nightmare).
3. A Dominant Father. 4. A Sub-Dominant Mother.

Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

senior member of the staff of Tanganyika Concessions explained to me, "we can escape United Kingdom income tax." But not for the benefit of the inhabitants of Central Africa! Company tax remains what it was before, but £30 millions a year continue to elate investors in Britain, South Africa, and the United States. The small businessman in Northern Rhodesia, striving to make a go of it, in a new country, has to pay the same company tax as the mining giant. In a very real sense, the Federation of Central Africa is a child of these mining giants; and they certainly intend that it shall be they, and no one else, who will educate the child in the way it should go.

Other colonial territories have suffered, and suffer, in the same way; none, perhaps, more than South Africa, whence gold-mining profits have been flowing for over fifty years. And it is a pleasure for a change to quote with approval from remarks made by one of Dr. Malan's Ministers. "We in Southern and Central Africa," said Mr. Eric Louw the other day in Bulawayo, "must face the fact that most countries are mainly and naturally concerned with their own national interests.... And when they talk of assisting the so-called under-developed countries—Africa being high on their list—they really have in mind securing new sources of supply for the needs of their own manufacturing industries." Mr. Louw went on to suggest that "the time has arrived when the people of Southern and Central African territories should consider how their natural and industrial resources can be used primarily in their own interests." It is splendid to have such good Socialist advice from such an impeccably anti-Socialist source.

It was wrong for Britain to impose a premature federation on these territories against the united will of the vast majority of their inhabitants. But history may record that Britain has committed here a much greater crime—the crime of allowing these mining interests to get away with their swag for so long, exporting money which these territories dearly need for primary development; and, at last, the added crime of allowing them to escape British control altogether.

Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. BASIL DAVIDSON.

Tensing's Birthplace

IF the Prime Minister, Maharaja Mohun Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana, had remained in power, the yeti's would still be the only footprints on the summit of Sagarmartha, as the Nepalese call Mount Everest. He, and his predecessors, were determined to keep their country as inaccessible as Himalayan peaks; the whole of Nepal was to remain isolated, pre-feudal. The Ranas could live in their vast ornate palaces—there are about 70 of them in the Valley of Khatmandu—while the people, like Tensing's own family, had only dark, earth-floored, red-brick hovels. The British Royal Family was assured of a welcome to the outskirts of the Ranas' secluded kingdom; British officers penetrated mountain valleys to recruit Gurkhas, Nepal's only valuable export; Maharajas and Princes shot tigers in the Terai jungle, surrounding their victims with hundreds of elephants. "I am convinced that the prosperity of Nepal," one Maharaja Prime Minister said, "is bound up with the maintenance of British predominance in India, and I am determined that the sahib who is no sahib shall never enter Nepal, and weaken my people's belief that every Englishman is a gentleman." But India won her independence: Nepal ceased to be the back door through which Gurkhas marched in Britain's service.

The political fastness of Nepal was broken at the end of 1950, when a revolutionary movement was launched among the two million Nepalese living along the Indo-Nepalese frontier; it was linked with an underground movement in Khatmandu, and it had the assistance of the King, who had been virtually a prisoner of the Maharaja. In February, 1951, the Nepalese stumbled into the modern world, as bewildered as they were inexperienced and enthusiastic. But they had made a break with the past and the King's permission to Mr. Eric Shipton to make a reconnaissance of Everest from the Nepalese side was only one of many signs that they had now joined the world stream of history.

The revolution was only a few months old when I arrived in Khatmandu two years ago. The Maharaja had been told by Congress Ministers to vacate his thousand-roomed palace, Singha Durbar, to make room for the first Government administration. Alongside Singha Durbar, with its double Corinthian columns mirrored in a long, clear sculptured pool (where the King presented honours to the heroes of Everest), the first radio station had just been installed in a two-storied house. On one side of the hall was a single transmitter; on the other, the room which acted as Nepal's first broadcasting studio. A group of young writers and poets improvised their programmes, handwritten notes on odd slips of paper, two hours every morning and two hours every afternoon. Three announcers were women, two in flame and white saris with sprigs of lemon gladioli in their black hair; the third, in a simpler Nepalese costume, had dressed her hair Nepalese style in two long plaits with tails of red wool.

The orchestra entered; the leader was a happy-go-lucky young man who carried a green felt hat in one hand and a fountain pen in the other. (I hope that he isn't now conducting a jazz band in one of Khatmandu's two new night-clubs, Moonlight and Sunlight.) Three old men played fiddles and a young boy, looking like a shepherd, brought in his clarionet. The broadcasters sang and played into a microphone placed on an upturned sugar crate handsomely disguised by a piece of embroidery. The microphone was often changed, sometimes in the middle of an item. Inside the sugar crate, a harmonicum provided the main accompaniment; it was played by a young man who pushed the accordion-like bellows with one hand whilst he performed with the other. The programme began with the new Nepalese anthem "Nepal Awake." The star performer was an old man, pockmarked from smallpox which had made him blind when he was only nine years old. His long, tapering brown fingers moved up and down the harmonicum; lost in his own world of music, he was quite unperturbed by keys that stuck. "He can play with his nose and play with his toes," one young enthusiast assured me. The Director of Broadcasting was a well-known writer, with a dozen plays to his credit, some of them often performed in Khatmandu. He translated Shakespeare and was an actor; he preferred Gielgud to Olivier and impersonated both.

Women's organisations were another feature of change in Khatmandu. A few politically minded women had shared in underground activities; they used to meet in one of the many temples—not to pray, but to plot. To-day they can, and do, work openly for the emancipation of women. At one of their meetings, presided over by a woman writer who was subsequently one of the first women members of the National Assembly, they discussed their programme with me. Abolition of child marriage was at the top of the list. On my way to the meeting, as often before, I had seen small girls of eight or less, in scarlet bridal dress, being taken off to their husbands. "We now believe in marriage for love," the chairman said; it was a revolutionary idea in a country where religion sanctions such practices as child marriage. These women were demanding education for girls, and representation for women; the latter they achieved after picketing the Royal Palace. The Senior Queen (Kings in Nepal marry two sisters) was the President of one of the women's organisations, another innovation.

Young men and young women I met were arguing about their religious practices: was it necessary to maintain so many blood sacrifices? All day long in the temples animals are killed by priests, whose special work it is; blood, mixed with vermilion and the urine of cows, is smeared over the faces of a multitude of Hindu gods. The great Desedra festival in October is celebrated by the slaughter of hundreds of buffaloes and the loss to the country, as these younger Nepalese suggested, is considerable. Aesthetically, the sight is scarcely pleasant, though when I once ventured a remark to this effect to an enlightened Professor, he said that, if aesthetics were a criterion of religion, he was himself repelled by the "bleeding heart of Jesus."

In June, 1951, young Nepalese spoke admiringly of Pandit Nehru's visit a few days earlier to the holiest of many holy temples in the country—Pashpatinath, along the banks of the sacred river Bagmati. Here all devout Hindus hope they may spend their last minutes on earth; and here, amidst a cluster of gilt-roofed pagoda-shaped temples, are the burning ghats and, farther down the stream, the royal ghats for the families of the King and the Maharaja. It is traditional for any distinguished visitor to sacrifice an animal and the presiding priest naturally assumed that Nehru would follow this custom. With great dignity he said: "I make no sacrifice except to humanity." A simple phrase, but to these Nepalese it was an inspired example. At the end of his short visit to the country, India had never felt so near a friend. "The silken bonds that hold Nepal and India together," Nehru suggested, must grow stronger "to the mutual advantage of the two countries and their peoples." Two years later, the wrangle over Tensing's nationality showed that these silken bonds had begun to fray.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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Pipes in the Barn

Our *ceilidh* had nothing to do with the royal visit to Scotland, which truth to tell made little impact on this remote corner of Skye, being acknowledged perfunctorily by a red-lion flag on a chimney-pot. It was owing to the presence, among visitors to the farm guest-house, of a former Pipe-major from Inverness. He is a noted artist and winner of many competitions, but he is also infinitely obliging and will play all evening for dancing, so whenever he comes they organise a dance; it is as spontaneous as that. In fact, the event had to be postponed for a day, because a couple set out to cross the Cuillin ridge in thick mist and had not reappeared by nightfall; and, as our host put it with Hebridean realism: "We might be needing the barn for the bodies." But all is well; they emerge from the mist, wiser and not appreciably sadder, next morning after breakfast.

Preparations cost nothing. A temporary cable is run through to light the barn, and the farm lorries and machinery are packed into one end of it, incongruous mastodons at the feast. Chairs from the house are set round the walls, a sprinkling of chalk scarcely mitigates the uncompromising hardness of the concrete floor.

But who is to dance? There are only six crofts in the glen. There is also a floating population of campers and hostellers, but they have not been invited. Yet when we reach the barn it is full—some thirty couples, I calculate. There are the three bus-drivers, and the man who mends the holes in the fourteen miles of rutted track that link us to the main road, and the boatman and the farm-hands. The rest of the boys are from "the forestry", over in the next glen; our hosts sent a bus across the hill to fetch them after work. Much is heard of the drift from the Highlands, and indeed the evacuation of Soay, the islet round the corner (with an attendant publicity which provoked some rather sour-grapish comments among its Skye neighbours), was built up into a tragic symbol of national frustration. But there is gain, too, of which less notice is taken. The Forestry Commission, in particular, has brought new life into many a glen. This one was deserted when first I came to Skye, twenty years back. Now it has a thriving forest and nine prefabricated Swedish houses, which constitute a village in these parts. The population is mainly young bachelors, very handy for a dance.

As for the trim and very nearly adequate line of plump girls in cotton frocks and cardigans, I can only suppose they have materialised out of the bog, for to my knowledge I have not set eyes on any of them before. But more probably they were lurking in croft kitchens all this time. In Celtic countries it is not considered necessary for women to see the light of day.

No one wears the kilt, or a sash, or indeed any kind of tartan except a few bogus ones among the cowboy shirts of the Forestry. We wait in glum silence, the girls prim on their chairs, the boys sheepish by the door. Then, far off, the pipes are heard. The piper comes slowly up the hill and through the farmyard, followed by our host and hostess, their children and grandchildren and the dogs. And this processional arrival of the music is impressive. The pipes still have their ritual. The Pipe-major is venerated; for this night he is king.

Ceremonially installed against a backcloth of tractors, he starts up an eightsome reel. There ensues that blank which, I imagine, is common to dances in every race and clime, when no male can be found brave enough to take the floor. The

There's a future in STEEL

On the Isle of Grain in Kent the centuries-old work of extracting salt from sea water has given place to the modern industry of oil refining. More than a hundred thousand tons of steel have been used in the construction of Anglo-Iranian's newest oil refinery there. Through the six hundred miles of steel pipeline now laid on this site four million tons of oil will pass each year for processing. The finished products will serve homes and factories throughout Britain, and land, sea and air transport in many countries.

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says

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host prods up some six couples. But that will not do; the music ceases; and in the soft accents of Inverness the piper addresses stern remarks to his countrymen. The effect is electric. Immediately every woman gets a partner, even the incompetent English, even me.

And now I understand the whole purpose of the bagpipes. They are not an instrument to be received passively, at concerts; they are a call to action, to participation, to war or to the dance. They put a twinkle into our clumping golf-shoes, and springs into the concrete floor. We laugh, swing, pant; presently the men whoop and yelp. But if only one were quicker in the uptake! "It's simple really, just a mathematical formula," explain Ron from Nottingham, but then he is an Olde-Tyme country-dancer at home, and the underlying principle is obviously the same. To one like me, with no head for mathematics, the formula only emerges as each set draws to an end. The strain, physical and mental, is terrific. But the little Scots girls, house-bound, pallid and plump, are light as jumping porpoises. They achieve their effect with economy of effort, and will be fresh as daisies at the end of the evening. Yet there isn't one of them, and scarcely a man in the room either, who could climb every day as we visitors do to a three-thousand-foot rock-ridge. The attempt would seem to them not only madly dangerous, but unthinkably exhausting.

The piper flags at last, and is helped out by a bus driver with an accordion; then there is unaccompanied Gaelic singing from the road-mender, infinitely desolate. And in batches of fourteen we are led into the farm kitchen and given tea and sandwiches. There is no alcohol. In other parts the *ceilidh* may be an excuse for whisky drinking, but here nobody is rich, and we are all perfectly merry without it. Conversation starts off politely in English, but soon reverts to Gaelic, that strange snorting language created expressly for gossip. Chiefly, I note, it is the men and the older women who do the talking. The young girls are not encouraged to chatter, any more than, in the dance, they were encouraged to yelp. They sit and smile adoringly or giggle provocatively, according to temperament.

I slip back across the garden to bed, leaving them with hours still to go. The pipes dwindle to a faint and urgent throb, the yelps to a grasshopper tick. And through the night, which is not yet dark and never will be, the Cuillin loom, the sharp grey daggers of Sgumain and Alasdair, the immense folded curtain of precipice that is Sron na Ciche. There occurs to me one of those refinements of pleasure that are only possible in the Isles. The piper shall rock-climb to the top of the Cioch, the extraordinary pinnacle that juts out midway up the face of Sron na Ciche. There he shall play, and the sound shall echo eerily from the great rock curtains, tossed back and forth to infinity.

Next day, when the suggestion is laid before him, the piper instantly catches fire. There would be no difficulty; the pipes fold up quite small and could go in a sack on his back. But his party is due to leave. It will have to be next year—or soon . . . .

It had better be soon.

For presently a reasonable road will come marching over the hill. The cinema—a proper, permanent one, not the present once-monthly travelling makeshift—will come to Portree. The television transmitter will come to Inverness. And quite right, too, we can't put the clock back, we must give the young people more inducement to stay. But each alternative source of amusement will rob the *ceilidh* of some essential element. No longer will it be necessary for folk to entertain themselves entirely out of their own resources and wit. And even if they gallantly persist in doing so, it will be as a consciously quaint survival. It will have become, like Ron's country dancing, Olde-Tyme.

It is something to be grateful for, that one was not too late for the *ceilidh* under the far Cuillin, the *ceilidh* on the last fringe of the antique world.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

The Master Builder

A FRIEND who lives down on the Weald had a ceiling put in by a small local builder and carpenter, but after six months it began to fall down. He was surprised, because I had recommended the builder's work as very good. When I investigated I found, as I thought, the explanation. The builder, whom we called Old Alf, had been ousted from control of the firm by his wife and loutish son.

I like Old Alf, although he is so short in his speech that many people think him bad-tempered. In fact he is only shy. A short, burly, square man, he only shaves twice a week and his red face is usually covered with silvery bristle. In addition to building houses and making coffins, he works a small orchard of an ancient variety of cooking apples called Pig's Snout, a name due to the shape of the fruit and not to rustic life imitating an all too whimsical literature. Old Alf also keeps ferrets and not even his wife can prevent him from often carrying one in his pocket. The last time he was at our house, about a job, when we too lived in the Weald, we were all standing at the back door looking at one of our cats, which was not just "big," but immense, with young. My wife said: "There must be at least six. It's such a nuisance, they all have to be drowned and then she goes and gets more."

"I give 'em to the ferrets," Old Alf said.

"What, the kittens, to eat?" my wife asked, horrified.

"Ah." Old Alf touched his cap and departed.

When I was visiting my friend he tried to blame me for the ceiling. It certainly seemed to be a badly scamped job and I could hardly believe that Old Alf had had anything to do with it. I remembered going into his yard one day when he was repairing a waggon he had built thirty-five years ago. It was almost as good as new but he was replacing some damaged spokes. He said that they ought never to have spoiled so soon; usually, he said, spokes were of oak, but he had made these of apple wood which came from Gordy Orton's old codlin orchard that's now the Council houses. He shook his head over the bad spokes, displeased with himself. "But a lot o' that wood was shaky. It's sandy soil and don't make a firm body to a tree, like. But I done a bad job."

Then he excused himself with a very slight, shy smile: he had been courting at the time. At that memory he looked quite sad and puzzled, and I was not surprised: I daresay he was wondering how the pleasant girl he was courting at the time he made that waggon had turned into the present Mrs. A.

Before I left my friend's village I called at Old Alf's, for I felt responsible about that ceiling. Old Alf and young Alf were out, and I was received by Mrs. Alf. Her words are usually polite, but her snapping eyes and high colour give the impression that she is mortally offended and in a furious temper. It's not that she takes umbrage: she lives in umbrage. She is the sort of woman of whom one would not say that she had friends: they would be cronies. I suppose Old Alf has been a disappointment to her. Certainly he looks guilty and furtive in her presence. Like most old workmen, he is a master of several trades, and I knew that he used to work very late at the forge, making iron gates for people, until he had enough money to buy her first the fur she wanted, and later a small car. Perhaps these luxuries have been the cause of Mrs. Alf's trouble; perhaps they have given her tastes above their income, and as she is not a woman to run into debt she is frustrated and discontented. Even her love for her son, whom we call young Alf, is fierce rather than tender. She uses with him words and expressions no softer than those she addresses to Old Alf, and expresses her preference for her son by being a stern and exacting ally in the struggle against Old Alf for control of the business. Not that Young Alf can be said to "struggle"; he is supine; he accepts his mother's truculence on his behalf with an indolence of temper which distinguishes him in this, as in all matters.

I should have liked to avoid raising the matter of the ceiling with Mrs. Alf, of whom I am afraid, but I had to explain my call and I had no excuse ready and so I mentioned the matter. Mrs. Alf said: "Are you suggesting we didn't do a proper job?"

"I don't know," I said, "I simply wonder whether it wouldn't be a good thing for your husband or your son to come up and look at it." But the implication had upset her and she said angrily that her son had done the work and it had certainly been properly done.

"And paid for," I put in.

"I should hope so indeed!" She added that they were very busy and there was an end of the matter. As she was pronouncing this decree, Old Alf came in and stood in his shy and furtive manner, listening, but staring out of the window. He followed me out into the yard when I left and I could see he wanted to know what the trouble was, but I was angry and I had realised that he had yielded control of his affairs and I suppose I wanted to make him feel my contempt.

Young Alf was in the yard. I made my complaint again, to him. He had always had an oafish, sulky look, and I saw that he had become rather fat and very flabby, and also very cocky. He listened to me, whistling between his teeth and continuing languidly to unload tools from his van. When I had finished he said, "Mum's the boss here," and rudely walked away. Old Alf made as if to say something, but perhaps my angry face frightened him; at all events he remained silent. I went away thinking that Young Alf and his mother were simply bent on making money and had abandoned all Old Alf's standards of workmanship. I telephoned my friend to tell him and all he said was: "So they've modernised the business."

A week later he was over at my house, and he told me that two days after my call, long after dark, he had heard someone coughing, out in the yard. As there should not have been anyone there, he took a torch and went out to investigate. Old Alf was there, with a large wheelbarrow loaded with sacks of plaster and with tools and planks. He was sitting on one of the barrow handles and coughing his heart up. Pushing the barrow a mile, with his usual cigarette in his mouth, had taken his wind. My friend was just going to question the old man when Alf said, "I'll put 'em in there," and got up and pushed the barrow over to a shed. My friend said that something in the old man's face and manner forbade him to ask questions. Old Alf came back with the empty barrow and with his head turned away from my friend. He muttered something about being back on Sunday, and pushed the barrow off to his yard.

For years Old Alf had spent Sundays working the warrens of friendly farmers, with his ferrets, and he would be out from eight in the morning until dark. It was rather *infra dig* for a man in his position, but it was his one pleasure and he would not give it up, even for his wife. But the next Sunday he arrived before eight at my friend's house, rigged a trestle and pulled down the faulty ceiling and began replastering. He worked for twelve hours and he finished the ceiling. He would not eat any of the lunch my friend's wife pressed on him, but ate bread and cheese out of his pocket. All he would take was a cup of tea. He did not speak ten words all day and he scowled at my friend for coming to help him clear up the room and wash the floor of fallen plaster.

When Old Alf was going my friend said, "What do I owe you? I'll pay now."

"Job was paid for," Old Alf said, and stumped away into the dark, looking very tired.

Telling me this story my friend was rather excited: he had been a good deal moved by it, and insisted on explaining the obvious, how Old Alf could not bear the imputation of bad workmanship; how he felt guilty because he knew that Young Alf, goaded by his mother, was doing sloppy work just to make more money. He was quite pathetic when he recalled how Old Alf, afraid of his wife and his lout of a son, had smuggled the materials for the job in that barrow, after dark. I thought it was quite touching, myself. We told each other that the old craftsmen were best, and how the younger men had no standards and not much skill and we did not know what the world was coming to and that Old Alf was of those whose like we should never look upon again.

Four months later, the ceiling fell down again. The expert my friend hired said it was due to the vibration in the ceiling joists set up by the electric lighting plant in the shed outside. He said it was a wonder the ceiling had stayed up four weeks, let alone four months, and when he was told that the first ceiling had stayed up six months, he said he was surprised and that as a rule you couldn't get work of that quality nowadays.

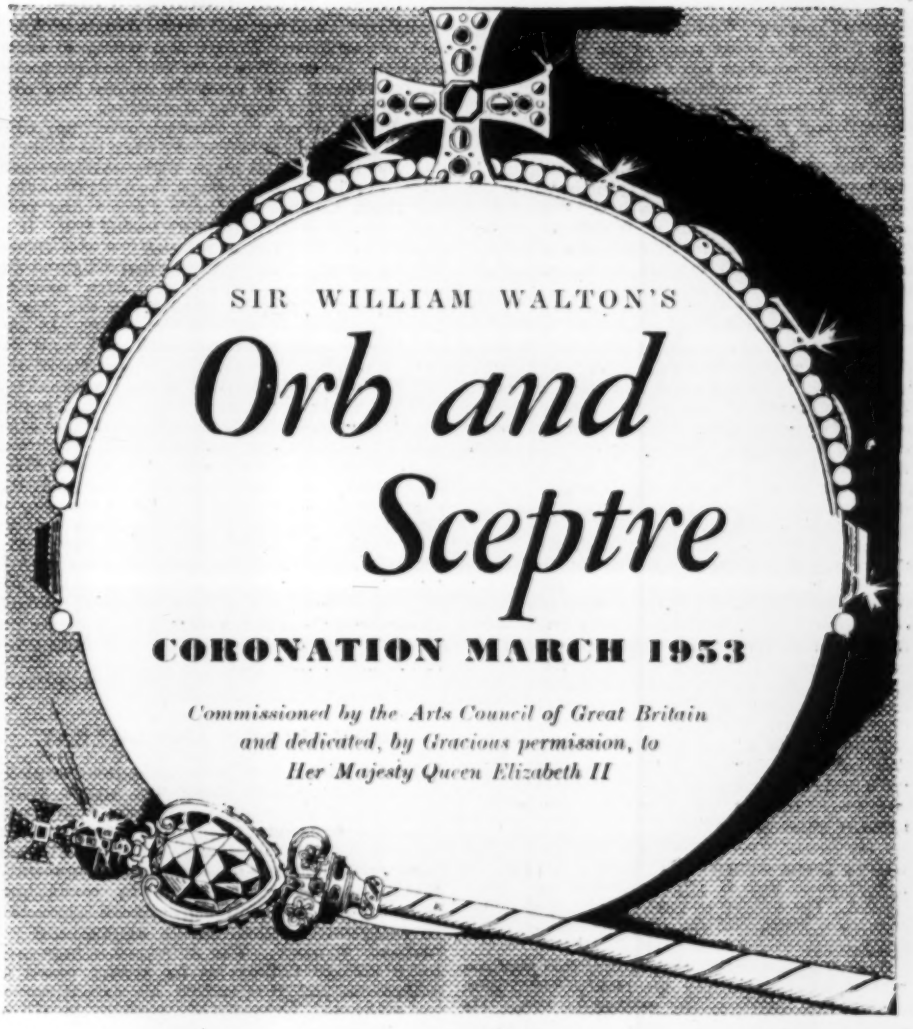
EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

SHAKESPEAREAN ALL SORTS

SHAKESPEARE in a variety of shapes and sizes has been offered to London audiences this week, four first nights of it, all by small companies of little-known actors, each with virtues and vices of its own. There are few comparisons to be drawn between them since each serves different ends. The Open Air players at Regent's Park bank on the weather and their ideal setting: the Mermaid Company at the Royal Exchange bank on their setting too and the workers of the City released from their slavery at six o'clock: at the Westminster, a new group, the Elizabethan Theatre Company, scorn to bank on anything but their voices—they carry the Marlowe Society traditions out into the great world: finally, at the Old Vic the Bristol juniors do not refuse to bank on anything but use every resource of modern theatrecraft to embellish their performance. And yet not finally—for there are still two nights (by the time this appears) to catch a fifth company—Rupert Doone's Morley College Actors at the George Inn, Southwark.

Let us start with the theorists, the Elizabethan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Theatre Company. Perhaps on a different kind of stage from the picture stage of the Westminster, their claims would be less modest. As it is, their programme note announces only that they forswear "elaborate staging or enormous crowd scenes" and that "one actor takes as many as six parts. In the company of Shakespeare's time this was a necessity and the Company is endeavouring to recapture the spirit in which the original production was presented." If this is as far as they go towards it, it will not appear much of an innovation to us who have submitted to Shakespeare in the original pronunciation and on every variety of open stage.

Internal evidence suggests that they also place great emphasis on the voice, and the words are certainly spoken with a round and clear articulation. My conviction that this, admirable in itself, is not enough, is only deepened by the Elizabethan Theatre Company. Theirs is certainly a clean respectable performance—of an altogether better standard than those offshoots of the Bensonians who used to visit schools in my youth. But they are of the same class, and their austerities make for a dullness which they haven't the personalities or the fire to compensate for.

One of their austerities is to maintain exactly the same lighting throughout, in imitation, supposedly, of the Globe's daylight. How much they miss thereby is aptly demonstrated by comparison with Mr. Denis Carey's admirable lighting of *Henry V* which the Bristol Old Vic have brought to the Waterloo Road. Without the aid of this lighting the Bristol Company might have made much the same claims as the Elizabethan Theatre Company, for with them (but without benefit of programme note) parts are doubled, trebled or quadrupled and their set is a great deal simpler, consisting only of the cyclorama and black curtains which can be arranged to simulate either pillars or tents. The lighting does the rest, and very imaginatively it is used. Mr. Carey's young company follow his direction in a performance that is straightforward and well-spoken. The humorous parts seem a little slower even than usual, and the pace throughout needs quickening.

But what, above all, is needed for this play is a commanding personality for Henry. Mr. John Neville has, perhaps, the making of this. He certainly has a remarkably musical and full voice. But this, like his other attributes, a good carriage and a well-made person, is at present only half under his control. It is natural and right that a young actor, like any other young artist, should be under the influence of the masters of his art; but it is not possible to judge yet what kind of personality lies beneath Mr. Neville's borrowings, though he gives the feeling that one may well be there. His voice is least expressive and least controlled when raised. Consequently his best scenes are his quietest, and, on his rounds at night, he was particularly sincere and touching, while he played the courtship scene with the right touch of ungainliness. The company support him well without any very marked distinction.

At Regent's Park, the setting is everything, and the full enchantment only works when the daylight dies and the artificial magic plays on leaves and grass. For this reason, perhaps, the new production (by Hugh Goldie) of *Love's Labour Lost* only seems to gather strength in its second half. It is anyhow very doubtful if this play is a wise choice for this setting. The word-play that delighted the University wits is almost as barren now as Shakespeare's bumpkin humour and the play is largely made up of these two elements. In any case the former must be heard and must be spoken rapidly. Neither feat is possible in the large arena served, like the Coliseum, with microphones. In the circumstances the cast does nobly. Mr. Tristan Rawson, Mr. Brendan Barry and Miss Jennifer Wilson make themselves felt. A minute Moth (Derek Hodgson) makes a charming child of sophistication; and Mr. Jerry Verno leads the clowns to some effect. But if July is as damp as June, and it's settings you are after, none indoors is more charming than the Royal Exchange, where Mr. Bernard Miles and his company are repeating, more or less, the production of *Macbeth* which they gave last year at the Mermaid, though mercifully without the attempt (except in excerpts at lunch time on July 10th) at a reconstitution of the Elizabethan accent.

T. C. WORSLEY

ROWLANDSON AND GILLRAY

UNLIKE Gillray, Rowlandson was not essentially a cartoonist. Gillray made his savage points by the use of symbols and caricature. (Caricature being the transmigration of features from animals to men or the imaginary, morally revealing portrayal of fantastic *physiological* developments.) Rowlandson made his points by establishing comparatively conventionally drawn characters in exaggerated action, or by emphasising expressions of mood. The difference is important for it allowed Gillray his far greater power of vilification, and Rowlandson his expansiveness, his occasional lyricism, his pleasure in telling tall stories.

Nor was Rowlandson, like Goya or Daumier, a really original draughtsman. The heart of the matter for Rowlandson was not in the creation of forms, but in their manipulation; he was not really interested in a man's character as revealed by the structure of his head or hands, but far more in what he happened to be doing. Rowlandson was, in fact, a type of illustrator, a visual raconteur. He had an extraordinary visual memory; he could render (rather than draw) a figure in any position without a model, and could unfailingly "make up" a stage-coach, a landscape, a room: an equivalent talent to the raconteur's ear and memory for dialogue. He was also invariably able to compose, whether stage-managing a single figure or a crowd-scene, with a fine sense of spatial climaxes and unity: again the rough equivalent of a raconteur's sense of timing.

It is worth remembering this when visiting the 120 Rowlandson drawings and water-colours which are now on show with 40 coloured prints by Gillray at the Whitechapel Gallery. At first sight, the prospect of so many similar frames containing rather small, pale drawings is a little putting-off. Each one, however, is an anecdote and there is no need to "listen" to them all. In the eighteenth century, prints (and these original works are similar in character) were bought cheaply to be pinned up in parlours and taverns, or were hired out in folios to be looked at for an evening. They are vernacular works, forming part of an atmosphere of political or social argument, gossip and bawdy joke. They were never intended to be self-sufficient major works of art to be studied with concentrated devotion.

As soon as one has realised this and got over the misplaced claims made for Rowlandson, one can begin to enjoy the true character of his popular zest and sense of fun—both somewhat reminiscent of the original John Bull. Now John Bull has become a self-righteous figure-head of private enterprise in the tired pages of *Punch*. He has declined in stature and in breadth of sympathy along with the middle-class he represents. But in the eighteenth century John Bull—think of Smollett or Sterne or Fielding—was an expansive character with a minimum sense of his own dignity, suspicious of all romantic or effete mannerisms, staunchly patriotic yet opposing the Press Gang, enjoying with gusto all the heavier pleasures of the body, bawdy, and yet, on a more profound level, upholding the domestic virtues, parochial maybe, obstinate certainly, but, above everything else, marvellously unafraid of life—all disasters, for instance, were a joke to Rowlandson. Perhaps the nearest we can get to the "atmosphere" which Rowlandson expressed is by remembering the music hall.

This particular selection of his work emphasises the more tender and sensitive side of Rowlandson's character—his sentimental songs, as it were. Personally I prefer him being louder and funnier. But there are, nevertheless, plenty of good stories here: the one about the couple making love in a tree, about the barbarous barber, about the wig-snatcher, about the one-legged sailor with a tart, and so on.

The sixty Gillray prints on show are vivid, biting, magnificently libellous, and reflect the political conscience of the eighteenth-century middle-class as fully as the Rowlandsons its pleasures and humour. Sometimes their vituperation appears almost desperate; a fact perhaps partly explained by Gillray's mental instability, and partly by the typical and hopeless conflict between, on one hand, his hatred of the Tory aristocrats, and, on the other, his fear of the French Revolution. Others, such as his famous portrait of the Prince of Wales as *The Voluptuary under the Horrors of Digestion*, remain vigorous reminders of what an uninhibited popular graphic tradition ought to be able to produce.

JOHN BERGER

WATCH AND LISTEN

SO the crisis is on us at last and a critic must turn aside this week to contemplate the politicians and their curious waverings over commercial television. After a most painful birth, prolonged over eighteen months—after the howls from the sick room, the anxious consultations—the Government has produced a child so feeble and puny that it seems unlikely to survive. No one can even be sure what the intention is—whether to strangle the poor thing or nurse it into life by the autumn. But there is to be a pause—so much at least is clear. A pause which the B.B.C. can use to consolidate, to improve, to polish up all those cultural values we have been hearing about these past few weeks.

The case for the Corporation has already been argued in another part of this paper, but a critic should, I think, bring out a few points that seem to have been missed during these heated weeks of controversy. The most important is that the B.B.C. has not given way to panic but has behaved with admirable sense and coolness. There have recently been whispered confidences that the new Director-General had taken against the Third and intended to merge it with the Home at the earliest opportunity. These, we can now see, were unworthy suspicions. Sir Ian Jacob has resisted the advice of those who argue that a service which appeals to an average audience of about 85,000 is a waste of money. The Third, no doubt, has its weaknesses. It is sometimes dull. There are often too many dons. But to scrap it would be a most dangerous departure and would almost certainly end in a general lowering of the B.B.C.'s standards—and they are not so high as all that.

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But there are one or two omissions and commissions in Sir Ian's statement of policy that deserve comment. He is not going to amalgamate the Home and the Light during the day, or increase the number of repeats and so lighten the B.B.C.'s burden of trying to find new talent. Much more dubious is the decision to add two hours on to the television programme, though here again one cannot be sure what the announcement really means. If the B.B.C. wants to create a broader service by dealing with subjects that are largely ignored—literature, art, and so on—then there can be no objection. But if the idea is to produce more of what we have already—more sport, more mediocre plays, more music hall—the decision seems to me a mistake. For Sir Ian ought to realise that television is not yet ready to expand. One can readily excuse the consistent badness of the drama because until the Corporation has more money to spend it is difficult to see how TV can achieve the speed and movement of the film. At the moment a producer is generally restricted to a couple of rooms and a passage and the characters pace about this confined space like those seedier animals in a zoo which have lost even the desire for freedom. We may fairly, I think, complain about the B.B.C.'s choice of plays—few of them would be effective in any medium—but we cannot, while these handicaps remain, grumble too much at the treatment.

No, it is in those fields where TV ought to be so triumphant—in the outside broadcast and features, for instance—that television inexplicably fails. Sound ought not to be better and yet it so often is. The answer may be that the old medium has more experienced reporters and certainly TV has nobody so good as Mr. John Arlott who, through a quickening of the voice, a change of key, can convey the excitement of events we do not see. The TV commentators are amateurish by comparison. Sometimes they are facetious and sometimes pointless. Four soldiers walk towards us across a parade ground and the commentator, as likely as not, will say, "Here come four soldiers walking across a parade ground." Then the interviews are so stilted that what should appear spontaneous seems either contrived or badly rehearsed. Take the biggest disappointment of last week—the appearance of Tensing and Colonel Hunt. No interview with these two could be a complete failure because both have wonderful faces. But the treatment was deplorable. They were photographed, as in a lantern slide, sitting awkwardly on a bench and the reporter, if you please, read his questions from a typescript.

These are sad words for me to write because the news reels are usually brilliant, with the camera always eager to pick out the imaginative detail. At their best these broadcasts show how good TV can be—and how much the other producers have to learn.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Gerald MacBoing's Symphony," at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road
"The Square Ring," at the Gaumont
"The Split Second," at the Metropole

It hadn't been much of a week, until the placard in the Charing Cross Road caught my eye: "Gerald MacBoing's Symphony," it said, "Première Special." Now I doubt if that's quite correct, because I remember seeing *Gerald MacBoing's Symphony* some weeks ago, I think at the Academy. However, the Charing Cross Road has its own various existence, its grandeurs and miseries, its devotion to letters, and no doubt its premières, distinct from others'. The excuse was enough, anyway. I went in to find a wide screen with the whole audience packed under it in six rows: who feels like paying more than a bob in a news cinema? Laurel and Hardy were trying to get a crook out of a cabin trunk, with drills, saws, a blow-pipe and a hose, all the while passing one to the other a small bunch of flowers. Ceremonious Hardy! Dim Laurel! Which, in their matrimonial set-to's, wears the breeks? They have a most precious gift of style, so that their worst never destroys them. This wasn't their worst by any means, though it wasn't their best either. Then, to make us loathe the age we live in, came two instalments of Woody Woodpecker. Then Gerald MacBoing.

Sequels rarely pay. This one doesn't come up to its predecessor, which stands unique among cartoons during the last fifteen years, but it is a genuine and pleasurable addition. Little Gerald is now the effects star of some transatlantic Broadcasting House. He accompanies serials. His bang-bangs and chug-chugs have nuances we can all appreciate. Then—such are the distresses of sponsored radio—a symphony-concert hour finds itself with no orchestra. They bring in Gerald MacBoing: can he, taking the rostrum before empty choirs and following the full score, do it? He starts off superbly, missing not a string quiver or a brass blare or a drum beat, but . . . I shan't go on. See it for yourself. It's quite charming. But next time let the inventive fancy that produced Gerald MacBoing Boing (and what a delight are both drawing and music!) get to work on a new idea.

Necessarily, the other films appear somewhat flat. *The Square Ring* is an English boxing film, that takes into account all the other boxing films, and, while originating little, manages to make an excellent job of the second-hand. The arena is the dressing room rather than the ring during an evening. Half the names on the poster meet here, introduce themselves, rub shoulders, unpack experience, go off for their triumph or trouncing, and make a farewell: stage method, and in fact *The Square Ring* comes from a play. This has the advantage that we don't get too tired of boxing; and the character studies, if rather set, are first-rate, with entrances and exits, well used. There's the returning ex-champ, the cocky rising lightweight, the bribed handsome loser, and the bruiser glued to atomic fiction; my favourite among them was George Rose's punch-drunk veteran, as good a piece of small-part acting as I remember for a long time. The whole piece, in fact, makes few mistakes with its atmosphere and its vernacular. It lacks only original impulse. But as British films go, this is a more than usually good one. Script by Robert Westerby and direction by Basil Dearden.

The Split Second brings our old Lyceum friend, the atom bomb, to blot out villain and accomplices. It's a wholly synthetic thriller, with an atom trial going on, two convicts on the run, petrol station hold-ups, and the select company imprisoned by the gangster, miles from anywhere, except for the atom bomb. Being so familiar, it can't greatly thrill. However, the details of the test are interesting enough, and Stephen McNally gives the gangster a spark of life.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Die Meistersinger," at Covent Garden

Two visits to *Die Meistersinger* (Friday and Monday) have shown, once more, how inadequately first-night judgments cover later performances. Operatic productions vary more than plays: and it was not only the changes of cast which made the differences in *Die Meistersinger*. The ensemble was surer, the orchestral tone warmer, but the chorus less full-voiced at the second performance. On Friday Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Eva was a shade too effusive; but on Monday she was radiantly, memorably beautiful. Frederick Dalberg's Pogner had improved—this is the best of his current roles. In Benno Kusche we have the most surely sung, the most roundly studied of post-war Beckmessers. Richard Holm, as David, has a wider range of vocal colour than his alternate, Murray Dickie. The two players of Sachs must measure against Hans Hotter's great assumption. Hotter makes of the cobbler someone ineffably wise and noble, more myth than man. In the monologues none can touch him. Paul Schöffler is vocally more dependable, but his thought-processes seem simpler—common sense rather than philosophy. Karl Kamann aims at the historical personage—a real man, emphatic, bluff and genial. All the main roles except Walther (the usual strutting *Heldentenor*, tight-voiced and often off-pitch) were carefully studied and musically sung. Clemens Krauss was a distinguished conductor, perhaps less "deep," rather more lucid, than usual. And in sum, although only Schwarzkopf was ideal, one could hardly see a better *Meistersinger* today. It closes a fine season at Covent Garden.

A. P.

"Comus," at Ludlow Castle

The "Doric sweetness" of *Comus* is the perfection of Milton's early art, yet this simplified masque has irritated many readers who, turning to it from the comparative plausibilities of Jacobean drama, want to know why the brothers left their sister unattended in a wood in the first place and why, having lost her, they should not look for her instead of discussing the comparative merits of taking a gloomy and a hopeful view of what may have happened to her. Oddly enough, however, when *Comus* is staged, as it recently has been, against the floodlit battlements of its original setting, Ludlow Castle, that irritating quality vanishes. The beauty of the words is not dramatic, it is full of learned allusiveness and delighted syntactical pedantry,

> After the Tuscan mariners transformed,

but it works with even more direct magic on the outer than the inner ear. The performance, given in aid of the reconstruction of Ludlow Parish Church, benefited of course from its setting, which also enhanced the vividness of Milton's frequent references to the night sky. The costumes, the dancing, and the carefully chosen contemporary music also helped, but the essential magic lay in the excellent speaking of Milton's words; with a clear grace by the lady and her brothers, with a full-bodied sinisterness by Mr. John Westerbrook as Comus, but best of all, very appropriately, by Mr. David Williams as the benevolent Attendant Spirit. It was an unforgettable evening, and moths, floating in the transformed air like inexplicable small specks of light, added to the total effect of grave enchantment.

G. S. F.

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"CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN"

SIR,—It is surprising that Mr. Anthony Crosland, in your issue of June 27, should say that the educational proposals in *Challenge to Britain* mark a great advance on anything which has previously come from the Party and that their implementation would lead to an important increase in educational equality. In fact the contrary is the case. The policy in *Challenge to Britain* drops the all-embracing Comprehensive school from 11 to 18 which was the previous policy of the Party, and which was gaining increasing adherence, and substitutes a proposal for a two-stage organisation of secondary education, a Secondary school from 11 to 15 and a High school from 15 to 18.

Like the Comprehensive school this abolishes the selective examination at 11, but immediately proceeds to substitute another selective examination at 15. It postpones indefinitely the hope of raising the school-leaving age to 16 for all children. With the passing of the bulge through the schools this would have been a practical possibility in the early Sixties. These proposals therefore are not an advance to social equality. They are a retreat from it.

The idea of a Secondary school from 11 to 15 presents enormous administrative difficulties. The idea appears to be to fit the children to the school buildings, not the school buildings to the children.

In many urban areas, and predominantly in rural areas, the school buildings available for the 11 to 15 group will house not more than 200 to 300 children. This would mean a small staff of from 8 to 10 teachers to cope with children whose I.Q.s would range from 80 to 150. It would be impossible to have a staff of sufficient size and varied qualifications to teach the many different subjects and syllabuses necessary for such a wide range of abilities among small numbers. In rural areas the High school from 15 to 18 would be compelled to have such a large catchment area to supply workable numbers that it would be bound to become a boarding school, with greatly increased expense in administration.

These proposals seem to be calculated to maximise the greatest possible amount of opposition in educational circles. The Comprehensive school did not abolish the Grammar school. It put it in a wider setting where it would still retain its old methods and traditions for the pupils with the higher I.Q.s. These proposals destroy the Grammar school completely and will unite against them not only Grammar school teachers but the parents of Grammar school children and all those parents who hope in time that their children will attend a Grammar school. It will excite opposition from Local Authorities as it will mean the complete scrapping of their present development plans and the imposition of plans from above.

It is a deliberate affront to progressive Local Authorities like the L.C.C., Coventry and Anglesey, who have commenced to organise secondary education on Comprehensive school lines.

The Executive in drawing up this policy does not seem to have consulted any organised body of teachers or any local authority opinion or any individuals experienced in educational politics or administration. It is much to be hoped that the October Conference will refer back this part of *Challenge to Britain*.

House of Commons. RALPH MORLEY

SIR,—Mrs. Spearman points out once again that the Sterling Balances include money accruing from sources other than trade, and notably from the Currency and Marketing Boards. This is well-known; and, had I been writing an essay on the Sterling Area, I should have had to discuss this matter more fully. I certainly do not "seem to think" that the whole of the Balances derive from trade; and I am sure that Mrs. Spearman may safely assume that Professor Lewis, one of our foremost authorities on these matters, knows this as well as anyone.

But it does not follow that the "dilemma of the Sterling Area's dollar balance" is any different from what I said it was. Mrs. Spearman's case for suggesting that it is different appears to rest upon the mighty—but quite unfulfilled—assumption that the United Kingdom can provide the colonies with goods they require at competitive prices. I was trying to argue, of course, that this was just the position of reciprocity that Britain should try to achieve—to alter her old imperialist habits of taking raw materials from the colonies either for nothing, for credit (the Sterling Balances), or for consumer goods—and begin selling capital goods to the colonies instead. That is a state of affairs which would make the Sterling Area into a machine from which both colonies and mother country could substantially benefit.

We are nowhere near that position. And until we start moving towards it, only harm will be done by obscuring the full seriousness of the Balances. The Currency Boards, no doubt, justify themselves in terms of financial stability: it remains to be seen whether the Marketing Boards can justify the very large sums they retain. It happens to be true that money incomes of cocoa producers in the Gold Coast and Nigeria have in fact fluctuated *more*, and not less, during the last few years than they did before the days of the Boards. There are a good many serious people who believe that the reserves of the Marketing Boards (in frozen sterling) are a good deal higher than they should be.

Mrs. Spearman adds, in reference to the position of the Sterling Balances, that: "Nobody would suggest that this is a satisfactory position . . ." On the contrary, this is just what a great many interested people *do* suggest. BASIL DAVIDSON

THE RATES

SIR,—The inclusion of the abolition of de-rating in *Challenge to Britain* raises hopes that the whole system of local taxation will come under review. For Socialists, taxation, whether local or national, ought to be based on ability to pay and not on service extracted in return. This revolutionary principle—to pay for something you may not in fact get yourself—has been accepted for income tax assessment, the health service, social insurance, etc.

The acceptance of income as the criterion of rating assessment would not only lead to a fairer method of local taxation but would also tend to be an incentive to improve housing standards. Being no longer taxed on the size or quality of their dwellings, people would presumably demand the best that is reasonably available.

To use the income tax code numbers as a basis of rating assessment, as suggested by Wilfred Fienburgh, would not be an advance, however. These code numbers merely represent the non-taxable income of a tax-payer and give little indication of what his taxable income might be, particularly in the higher income brackets. A man with a large income may well receive the same code number as one earning very much less. Local taxation based on income tax code numbers would not therefore take account of variations in the income of rate-payers. On the other hand, rating assessment could only be based on the taxable income by either duplicating the machinery of the Inland Revenue authorities on a local basis, or by authorising them to divulge information in their possession to the rating offices of the local authorities. Neither of these alternatives would appear to be desirable.

It may well be that the most practical solution would be found by entrusting responsibility for the assessment and collection of both national and local taxes to the Inland Revenue department. The moneys collected could then be duly allocated to the Treasury and to the local authorities. Not only would this lead to the desired equitable method of taxation but would also reduce the cost of assessment and collection of the tax because of the elimination of local rating offices.

County Hall, Hertford. RENÉE SHORT

PLANT PEST CONTROL

SIR,—It would be ungracious to deprecate the work being done in plant protection by Mr. George Ordish and his colleagues and like, or to introduce a surly note into the love-feast to which Mr. Vallance has invited the monopoly capitalism of the chemical industry. But it is necessary to point out that pest control by chemical means is not quite so successful or easy as all that.

I have here five varieties of wine grape vines so resistant to the fungus diseases that they are never given any protection against them, and have never been attacked. These varieties were bred for this resistance, as for Phylloxera resistance, by crossing the best Europeans with the best American vines. It is true that the qualities of the very finest wines depend upon using grapes of certain vinifera varieties, but of recent years most of the prizes for good *vins courants* have been going to the hybrids, and 99 per cent. of the wine drunk is ordinary wine. Where, however, fungicide sprays have to be used to protect vines against *U. necator* there is still nothing more effective than powdered sulphur; and in the case of *P. viticola* there is still nothing better than the Bordeaux mixture in use nearly a century ago. There is no control for Phylloxera. Progress in vine protection in the past 75 years: nil.

The use of some chemical washes in orchards has had unhappy results. Excessive use of DDT preparations, for example, has enormously increased the incidence of damage by Red Spider mite, and considerably reduced the population of pollenator insects. Some chemical materials accumulate in the soil, for example tar-oils, with probably undesirable results. The use of poisons, systemic and other, of the phosphorus group is obviously dangerous. And can we be sure that it does not have a damaging effect on soil microflora and fauna, upon which fertility depends?

An enormous part of the losses due to plant pests of all kinds are due to our practice of making life easy and prosperous for these creatures by the monoculture of host species. In, for example, Tuscany and the Dordogne, to mention only two regions, crops are astonishingly clean, because mixed, peasant farming is the rule, and no pest can find those conditions in which it can increase until it is out of balance, and therefore out of control, with its environment.

Granted, however, that we are committed to monocultures on a vast scale, it is the duty of Socialists to remain disagreeably suspicious when the profits of a vast capitalist trust partly depend upon the continuance of plant pests, damage and loss. I am perfectly certain that the scientists in the research departments of chemical firms would be filled with admiration and praise if the biologists and ecologists could show the way to reduction of plant pest damage by non-chemical means. I am equally sure that the financial controllers and shareholders of their employers would be extremely disturbed by any such development.

Molash, Canterbury. EDWARD HYAMS

THE LESSER INFORTUNE

SIR,—As an ex-soldier, critic, and fellow-writer of fiction on military themes, may I protest against Miss Honor Tracy's review of *The Lesser Infortune* by Rayner Heppenstall?

Despite her praise of the novel itself, she has, in her opening paragraphs, unfairly represented the character and attitude of the narrator in a way liable to cause any right-thinking reader to turn away from the book in disgust. Frobisher is not an endearing personality, but he is far from being the cowardly snivelling prig described by Miss Tracy, who deliberately omits, in order to support her contention,

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a paragraph from the passages she quotes, in which he expresses his distaste for friends of his who shirked the war effort. Nor does she consider the possibility that in these passages he might be poking fun at the pomposity of his pre-war convictions.

Any reasonably fastidious ex-Serviceman would understand and sympathise with his revulsion from barrack-room life—from the blaring radio and the senseless repetitive obscenities: though I myself failed, perhaps through lack of sensitivity, to share this reaction. His initial attempt to secure release by professing pacifist sympathies is no more symptomatic of spinelessness than the revolt of a new boy against the unfamiliar and irksome surroundings of his first school, and it is characteristic of the official mentality that his "superiors" should hold it against him throughout his military career, even after he has honestly confessed, to his Commanding Officer, doubts as to the sincerity of his pacific inclinations. Thus he is prevented, by this "blot" on his record, from ever serving his country in a capacity more suited to his particular gifts; Miss Tracy makes no mention, moreover, of the stupid malice to which he is subjected: the false accusation of espionage, based upon McCarthyish premises: the ridiculous charge of smoking on duty, as a result of which he is stripped of non-commissioned rank and remanded for examination by a psychiatrist. As for the "primrose path" along which he is afterwards said to trip, I can state, from personal experience of a hospital similar to the one described by Mr. Heppenstall in the central part of his novel, that the moral odour of such an establishment is wholly dissimiliar from the sweet scent of spring flowers: nor are the living conditions comfortable; the author omits from his record much of the idiotic "discipline" to which the inmates must submit.

Miss Tracy also categorises the narrator's contempt for a certain type of temporary gentleman as "traditional" and "highbrow"; similar opinions have certainly been expressed by many writers, including one as untraditionally highbrow as Mr. Evelyn Waugh; and, in view of such a concensus of opinion, a reasonable basis of truth may be inferred: on the other hand, gratuitous sneers at Portland Place and Mr. Cyril Connolly seem out of place in a column intended for purposes of literary criticism rather than the expression of personal prejudices.

I make no apology for writing at so great a length, since Mr. Heppenstall's book raises serious issues with which Miss Tracy, despite her acquaintance with Service idiom, is manifestly unfitted to cope. That the case of Frobisher has its parallels even today is shown by your correspondent, Robin Denny, in his letter—printed, by an odd coincidence, in the same issue as the review in question. Had *The Lesser Infortune* been published in wartime, it would, paradoxically, have been received with the sympathetic attention it deserves; and now that hostilities have temporarily ceased, it seems regrettable that your own journal should be associated with the indiscriminate waving of white feathers at men of intelligence who, through no fault of their own, spent the recent war struggling to free themselves from the nightmare fly-trap of a Kafkan bureaucracy. J. MACLAREN-ROSS

29 Norfolk Square, W.2.

SWARMING

SIR,—Critic's friend, Mr. Park, might well chuckle in private at his tale of shaking an "angry" swarm—no veil or gloves, and never a sting! I myself once slipped when, similarly exposed, I was reaching for a branch to attempt a similar feat, and shook part of the cluster over myself. I was stung three or four times by bees which got caught in my clothing, but the rest—say a couple of thousand—showed an admirable restraint. I don't think there is anything special about my skin. I have been assaulted viciously enough in other circumstances, like most bee-keepers.

The fact is that swarming bees, having gorged themselves with honey before leaving the parent hive, are normaliy in a state of beatific good-humour. Some experts maintain that they are also in a state of erotic ecstasy, and I shouldn't be surprised. In any case, having no hive to defend they are not disposed to sting. They do buzz, of course, on these occasions, thereby impressing the public; but if Mr. Park's swarm was really angry it is probably because they were irritated by all that banging about with bits of metal, an old-world practice which largely went out with the straw skep, and was not designed, in any case, to make them stay at home.

And if Mr. Park really thinks he is sting-proof (I bet he doesn't!) I will invite him to come and put clearer-boards into my hives at the end of the summer, when clover and blackberry blossom are gone, and the hives are crammed with sealed honey and guarded by shiny, baleful-eyed, end-of-season workers who don't just buzz round in a carefree way but come at you with a fanatical whee-ing noise like dervishes on a Jehad. No veil, of course; but he may wear his cap. I would advise him to wear running-shorts as well.

Moretonhampstead. NORMAN DENNY

MISS REBECCA WEST

SIR,—In your issue of June 27, 1953, you published a letter from Mr. David Ross, which contained an account of a petition signed by the management and staffs of every important Paris paper to demand the reprieve of the Rosenbergs. Two sentences in this letter ran:

> The journalists who signed included the staff and management of *France-Soir*, the paper with the biggest circulation in the country which only a few weeks ago published a crude account of the American viewpoint over the signature of Rebecca West. I can think of no other case of a newspaper insulting one of its contributors in so salutary a fashion.

The inference that your readers are bound to draw from this paragraph is that in my article I had expressed the opinion that the Rosenbergs ought to be executed and ought not to be reprieved. But the facts of the case are these: Six months ago *France-Soir* published a translation of the only article I have ever written on the Rosenbergs, which had been published a short time before in *Picture Post*. In this article, I expressed the opinion, quite clearly and without qualification, that the Rosenbergs ought not to be executed and ought to be reprieved. REBECCA WEST

[We are glad to give Miss West this opportunity of correcting any false impression conveyed by Mr. Ross's letter.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"NIGHTMARE ABBEY"

SIR,—I much appreciate Mr. Pritchett's review of my book on Peacock; but may I take up the point which he says "defeats" him—namely my suggestion that *Nightmare Abbey* might be accused of bad taste? I realise that I have been obscure.

It was not making fun of Shelley that I objected to. Long ago in a study of Shelley—*Shelley and the Unromantics*—in which I perhaps idealised the poet too much, I admitted that he was fair game for Peacock's satire. It is the parallel between the *situations* of Scythrop and Shelley which is the trouble. Scythrop is in a dilemma between his two ladies, and when he loses both threatens to commit suicide. Four years before the novel was written Shelley was torn between his feelings for his wife Harriet and Mary Godwin; and less than two years before the deserted Harriet had committed suicide; an event which shocked and distressed Shelley deeply, as Peacock knew better than any other of his friends.

One can only feel that Peacock placed enormous reliance on the licence of the jester—and was justified in doing so since Shelley was not resentful. I agree that in that case neither need we be.

OLWEN W. CAMPBELL

[We regret that in the review of *Thomas Love Peacock* by Olwen Campbell, in our issue of May 16, the author was referred to as *Miss* instead of *Mrs.* Campbell.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TWOPENNY FARE STAGE

SIR,—"Bus Conductor's" arguments are specious. The passenger *is requested*, not ordered, to state his destination, nor does payment and acceptance of fare constitute a firm contract to get him there. In fact, in its Bye-Laws the Board specifically refuses to guarantee this.

Payment of excess fare is a recognised and accepted practice, and on the Underground pennies are quite in order. A passenger may have a hundred and one reasons for extending his journey, some of them the direct result of the crews' peculiar ways of operating schedules. ALBERT HARRIS

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Books in General

THE first lines of Rousseau's *Confessions** are among the startling openings in European literature:

> I have resolved on an enterprise which has no precedent, and which, once complete, will have no imitator. My purpose is to display to my kind a portrait in every way true to nature, and the man I shall portray will be myself.

And he adds, "*Moi seul.*" St. Augustine, Montaigne and Cellini were before him, the journals of Boswell were contemporary and had a similar obsession, the preoccupation of Sterne—another contemporary—was very little different; and, on top of this, Rousseau has had innumerable imitators. Yet his assertion still stands. This work is really a *confession*, where others are histories; in making it Rousseau displays his faults and so expects to establish his virtue. His originality is that he drew the self and its inseparable shadow. There is the self and there are the projections of the self, its sensations and opium dreams, the burden of its introspections, the half-world of its sentiments and morbid fancies which hang like a load upon the shoulders of the solitary walker. No one until Proust catches that dreamer and remembrancer in the act, as Rousseau does; no one so subtly catches the intermingling of the real and the dream; no one else, with a madman's detachment, treats the dream as if it were part of the dreamer. In this Rousseau is as exact and sly in hallucination as Don Quixote. He was generally regarded as mad when he wrote the *Confessions* and one can see why: he was the only self in the world. Other people are plotters and persecutors because they, too, put forward an intolerable claim to fortune and the pains and longings of daily life.

"Man is born free and everywhere he is in chains": he is enchained by his sensibility and his imagination. Rousseau amuses with the narrative of a strange life: he is a runaway son, a footman, a bought convert to Catholicism, an adventurer, a music teacher, an Embassy employee before a second conversion turns him into a writer and philosopher. He captivates us with the idyll of Les Charmettes, by his ardent evocations of feeling, by the business of his portraits of people, by his candour about himself and the clear, active, transparent style in which it is all reflected as in a looking-glass. But if there is the delight of the dream self there is also its oppression. He enslaves where other writers of autobiography simply inform. If he laughs—and this is rare enough—it is without humour, but with a pushful, pettifogging appetite. He is like one of those walkers who, talking all the time, manœuvre us into the hedge on some compulsive, slant-wise course. We are asked to breathe with his breath. In our hearts we hate that: we have our own. He has made us aware that we, too, drag chains of illusion around our ankles, and the elated sense of freedom and happiness he has incomparably evoked, by a paradox, contains the very terms of our own captivity.

Examples of the other self which Rousseau is continually interpolating are innumerable. The critics have doubted so many of his statements that the *Confessions* are sometimes presented as three part lies. Truth was what the heart felt it ought to be. It is possible that he invented the wretched children he sent to the orphanage. It seems unlikely that the idyll of Charmettes went on as long as he says it did. His exposure of his mean actions—deserting his epileptic friend in the street, abjuring the Protestant faith in order to obtain money, pushing the blame for a theft on to an innocent maid—frankly indicate that he is not a good man. He does not claim to be good; he lays claim to something more general and sweeping: virtue. And what is virtue but the feeling that he is virtuous? Rousseau may sin, may feel remorse, may lie; but he is never *wrong*. There are always several explanations ready; he put the children away because he was poor, because he feared the influence of his mistress's family, because he had Platonic ideas about the State being the family. Never wrong: so, of course, some hard core of our ego always feels. To be alive is to be what we are. Thwart that hard enough and, in the extreme case, we go as mad as Rousseau became. It is fortunate that Rousseau was always a little mad, because this enabled him to observe his actions minutely—they called him "the little pedant"—and to notice how the other self or dreamer worked. He is the subtlest of psychologists, mirthless and eager. He sees, for example, quite clearly how a morbid sensibility was created in him by his father's guilty love for him, because his mother had died in giving him birth. The imagination was perverted and out-ran experience; he was shut out from it when, as a spoiled child, he recoiled into his shell the first hard shock of the world. He understands the lasting effects of sexual fixation and he is the first well-documented sexual case in modern civilisation. When he was a child, he tells us, he was beaten by Mlle. Lambercier, the pastor's sister, for some childish crime of which he was innocent. He loved her: the beating was a physical pleasure. Henceforth he longed with shame, unable to admit the taste, for a masterful woman, and his backwardness with women arose (he thinks) from the impossibility of naming the perverse desire she had stirred in him.

One sees the dream self most tellingly at work in the episode of the stolen ribbons. He admits the crime, groans with remorse at it, and then offers a number of extraordinary explanations of the mechanics of his pride, his cowardice, the strange boiling together of desire and shame. He says:

> Never was deliberate wickedness further from my intention than at that cruel moment. When I accused the poor girl it is strange but true that my friendship for her was the cause. She was present in my thoughts and I threw the blame on the first person who occurred to me. I accused her of doing what I intended to do myself. I said she had given the ribbon to me because I meant to give it to her.

Such a statement shocks by the lingering note of self-justification: yet, when we examine the context, Rousseau is not really justifying himself. He is just possibly suggesting that even the bad reasons of the heart are better than the set crimes of reason; but what he is really performing is a detailed piece of self-analysis. It does not pretend to the intellectual detachment which, 150 years later, Gide was to bring to his own misdemeanours; Rousseau would deny the analyst's freedom from self-love. He recognises one is eternally committed to one's crimes by its unction. Yet, we suspect, Rousseau spoke so eloquently, so movingly, so lyrically of the heart and its dreams, and so pointedly of its wickedness because he had little heart in fact: he had been obliged—being denied the first love of a mother in childhood and a mother's hardness, too—to imagine it. Those long childhood conversations with his father, those hours when the father read to him till dawn, were dangerously literary fulfilments of love, dangerous replacements of the sense of loss. All the same, so familiar is he with this desired ideal world that whenever he rhapsodises about it, whenever he is satisfying himself with imaginary loves and revels in the solitary pleasure, we find him truthful and exhilarating. Where else, but in illusion, is man free? What repels is the rancorous awakening and the inveterate suspicion of reality, the morbid vanity, the wet-spaniel-eye of the ego that is left? Madame de Warens's lover (and Rousseau's friend) dies, Rousseau has the succession: the terrible, mean, vain lackey comes out in him at once: "Now," he says, "I shall have his coat."

The literature of the 19th century and its life, are full of Rousseau's descendants: revolutionaries because they have failed to grow up, whose sense of injustice goes back to a mere childish beating and not from a consideration of society; prigs and self-lovers of the Romantic decadence. Bertrand Russell has said that Rousseau is the father of Fascism and quotes Voltaire's sarcastic letter to Rousseau on the ineptitudes of the noble savage. No such impression can be gathered from the *Confessions*. Our sensation is one of release. We see a personality set free by its own memory and the sense of completeness—even if Rousseau lied—is stimulating and lasting because it is imaginary. One is struck by the patience of the writer and by the crowding of vivid, intimate detail; also by his mixture of simplicity and cunning. The detail has great importance, not only because it enables him to establish daily life—and the domesticating of his portraits contains half their original quality—but also because, as he said, he was trying to present himself from all points of view, and to make the soul transparent "in all its movements." How tame is the lover of wild nature and the inventor of the noble savage, how mild his desires, how tame his satisfactions, once he has settled in a room looking upon green fields and a river and has Maman in the next room to make him feel secure. He will have his "transports"; he will kiss her hand and her pillow, and there is almost no one with whom he will not weep. But, even if he did so behave, it is the truthful literature of the sentiments.

The detail, again, is the making of the portrait of Madame de Warens, for we are made to see a woman not a soul, alone but in her setting too. She is gradually created for us as she moves from room to room, calls a servant,

* *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.* Translated by J. M. COHEN. *Penguin Books.* 5s.

arranges for lessons, and spends the unaccountable hours of daily life. She was a courtesan and a spy, a money-loving schemer; she had a whole dramatic life of which Rousseau tells us very little. He sees her only as she is related to him, as the blessed mother selfishly clung to, as part of the house. His part in the *ménage à trois* is perfectly fitting. He is the lover-son in that arrangement; he seeks to be the parasite and that in his role many a time again later on in life. He is relieved that life has excused him from the capacity for passion. His failures are the protection he desires. He will "never forget" the Venetian prostitute, once he has contrived to refuse her; he will understand her all the better for not having possessed her. What is reality? What is life? "Never forgetting," retrospect, is his answer. What is happening now does not become real until tomorrow.

The first half of the *Confessions*, up to the break with Madame de Warens, is the best, for the old reason that we remember childhood and youth better than any other time. There are good things in the latter half of the book, especially so the affair of Madame Houdetot; but the lost paradises, the irretrievable Golden Ages, are his world. His pictorial eye, he says, confused his thoughts and so choked his mind, that he could not think or write until the calm of retrospect had settled on him; that eye was keener in youth and saw, as it were, with the genius of nature reflecting upon herself. That horseback picnic with the girls—in the early volume—is as exquisite as anything in the crystal pages of Turgenev; it glitters with the readiness for adventure. Adventure dominates those first two hundred pages and to read them is to become young again. That is what the incurable adolescent, the suspicious parasite did for the mature, set, civilised and assured 18th century: he shook a whole hard-experienced society back to immaturity, recklessness, youth and dream.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A CHILD ACCEPTS

"Later" his mother said; and still those little hands
Clawed air to clutch the object of their need,
Abandoned as birds to wind or fishes to tide,
Pure time that is timeless, time untenanted.

"Later" she said; and the word was cold with death,
Opposing space to his time, intersecting his will.
He summoned the cry of a wounded animal,
Mindless Adam whose world lies crushed by the Fall,

But re-fashioned his broken face and far from tears
Grew radiant with fate affirmed. His hands dropped down.
"Later" he sang, and was human, fallen again,
Received into mind, the fifth dimension of men.

"Later", he played with the word, and later will envy
The freedom of birds and fishes for ever lost,
When, migrant in mind whom wind and water resist,
Here he must winter in body, bound to the coast;

Or not all his "laters" past, perhaps he'll know
That the last releases: reversed, his needs will throng
Homewards to nest in his head and breed among
Those hidden rocks that wrecked him into song.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

LABOUR IMPERIALISM

The Crisis of Britain and the British Empire. By R. PALME DUTT. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 25s.

It is remarkable that no Socialist has bothered to define the exact difference between the "exploitation" and the "development" of a backward country. We exploit a colony whenever we extract minerals from it or encourage the production of raw materials for our markets; but, in exploiting it, we are also developing its natural resources. Under what conditions does the development which Socialists desire become the exploitation which Socialists condemn? At present the two words are employed to describe precisely the same process, the latter when we want to be nasty about our political opponents and the former when we are trying to make the best of our own record.

A perfect example of this propagandist approach is to be found in Mr Palme Dutt's *The Crisis of Britain and the British Empire*. In this 500-page study he is concerned to show that "Labour imperialism" between 1945 and 1950 was as bad as, if not worse than, capitalist imperialism. In order to do so—and to contrast the perfect conditions in the Soviet Union—he calls everything the Labour Government did in the Colonial Empire "exploitation" and everything the Soviet Union does in its backward areas "constructive development." He tells us, for instance, that, whereas Russia liberated Eastern Europe, the withdrawal from India and Burma was in no sense liberation, but merely a cunning device of British imperialism in order to continue the policy of exploitation. Mr. Attlee deliberately devolved on indigenous capitalists the power which had previously been held in London.

This is a very odd way of describing what has happened in India and Burma. It may well be true that capitalist exploitation and social oppression continue in both countries, but this does not alter the fact that a revolutionary change occurred when national governments were substituted for British rule. In order to deny that there is any real difference, Palme Dutt has to use the word "independence" in a peculiar sense. According to him, any country is independent provided it has a Communist Government, or at least conforms its policies to the requirements of the Soviet Union. This enables him to describe India as still languishing under British imperialism, while Czechoslovakia is genuinely free.

When he turns to economic problems, Palme Dutt is at pains to prove that all the Labour Government's schemes for self-government and development were a facade to conceal an ever more rapacious exploitation. Of the Gold Coast, for instance, he writes, "direct colonial dictatorship remains the basic system of power," and he describes the Cocoa Pool as sheer exploitation. The fact that the Pool has been established to hold prices steady during a boom, and so build up funds for price support in periods of depression, is not mentioned. Nor could I find any reference in this long volume to the introduction of local income tax as a means of retaining some part of the capitalist's profits within the colony.

It is maddening that a man of Palme Dutt's intelligence and erudition should spoil his case by such malicious special pleading. He has the right to level a formidable indictment against us for complacently refusing to face the fact that British policy is still in large part imperialist. It is not power which corrupts, but office which domesticates the British Socialist. Conscientious overwork on inessentials, the polite attentions of the Civil Service and a diet of Cabinet papers caused far too many Labour Ministers to turn a blind eye to the exploitation which was going on under their noses. Even now that they are in opposition, many of them still seem to accept two principles at least of traditional imperialism: (1) that strategic necessity justifies the forcible occupation of a country against the declared will of the people; and (2) that the United Kingdom, as a highly industrialised Western country, is entitled to a very high return on its foreign investments inside and outside the Empire. Once these principles are accepted, we had better be candid and admit that we are all Conservatives now.

To make this criticism effectively, however, one must be prepared to give the Labour Government credit for its very considerable achievements. It is only when we contrast Mr. Bevin's Middle Eastern opportunism with Mr. Attlee's statesmanship in India that we see how tragic and unnecessary the former was. In the same way, the wisdom of our West African policy shows up the blunders of the groundnuts scheme, of the banishment of Seretse Khama and of Anglo-Iranian. The attempt to make a coherent picture, whether favourable or unfavourable, of Labour's colonial policy is doomed to failure. There never was any coherence in it, because the Labour Party has never worked out the principles which should govern our relationship with backward countries, inside or outside the Empire.

One way of clearing up this confusion is to swallow a dose of Palme Dutt. *The Crisis of Britain and the British Empire* is not a nutritious beverage, but a purge for complacency. By the time the conscientious reader has separated the valid from the invalid parts of its voluminous and well documented indictment, he will be halfway at least towards that definition of the difference between exploitation and development, which must form the basis of a genuinely Socialist policy in the backward areas.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE CULT OF PERVERSITY

Day of Wrath. By MAURICE SACHS. Translated by ROBIN KING. *Arthur Barker.* 16s.

Le Sabbat, which caused some stir when published in Paris after the Liberation, because private licence, as an antidote to public restrictions, was what was then welcome, has now appeared in an English edition under a foolish title, *Day of Wrath*. Maurice Sachs has been ill-served by his English publisher and translator. Misspellings of foreign names and words, on almost literally every other page, end by grating on the nerves. Some, like Barres, Moeau-Nelaton, *Lettres Persannes*, Chagalle are straightforward enough; others like Loys Mann (Masson), Dorgekes (Dorgelès), Terniер's (Teniers') are incomprehensible without reference to the French text. More serious, because ignorant as well as slovenly, are St. Thomas D'Aquin, Saint-Therese-d'Avila, Saint Jean de la Croix. Quotations from the Bible, Franz Werfel, Wilde, Nietzsche, Goethe, who are made to appear in court as witnesses for the defence of Sachs's worst excesses, are sometimes left in French, whilst passages from Proust and La Rochefoucauld are sometimes translated. "*La magie des aurores*" is rendered "the magic of those aurores," "*l'entrain*" as "wittiness," "*d'aller à l'extrême*" as "going to the extremes," "*avec ma prière de parisien sur les lèvres*" as "a Parisian prayer on my lips".

It is instructive to compare the paragraph on page 139 of *Day of Wrath* beginning "Gide's way of life" with the corresponding passage on pages 254-5 of *Le Sabbat*: the latter is about twice the length and conveys a rather different meaning. A striking phrase: "*mon sexe rabougri par les services infâmes*" is ignored in a sentence otherwise adequately translated. There might be something to be said in favour of an abridged edition where whole sections were cut out, providing that the remainder was not tampered with. But there can be no excuse, except prudery or the law of libel—which to judge by the inclusion of certain passages in *Day of Wrath* cannot have applied in the present case—for reproducing parts of chapters, omitting a phrase here, a paragraph there, in so arbitrary a fashion that one is continuously driven back to the French text to discover what the author intended.

Mr. King in his introduction maintains that

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the book is of greater literary than documentary value. Admittedly its literary merits cannot be brushed aside. There is a sympathetic account of a visit to Gide. Jacques Bizet is vividly portrayed in his bath with :

> His beard flat on the water. His body, which always seemed to me enormous, was covered in thick hair. He looked like a prehistoric animal, a man before man, on whom a cheeky schoolboy, in the Museum of Natural History, had disrespectfully placed Zola's steel-rimmed pince-nez.

The famous onslaught on Cocteau (really a disguised onslaught on Sachs himself) is in the best traditions of French polemical criticism :

> He was consumed by an almost monstrous avidity. He mistook for transports of the heart the tormenting desire (in his case convulsive, feverish, feminine) to possess everything, confidences, affections, human beings and objects. The often excessive price he paid for their possession convinced him that he loved : he burned all right, but he burned like ice without getting warm.

Here is Sachs at his best as a writer. However, most of *Le Sabbat* (and this goes for his earlier and later works) shows no evidence of outstanding gifts. All too often *Le Sabbat* reminds one of the arm-chair psychologist writing up his own case history ; pitching with too much relish on some trivial childhood memory to prove his "interesting" castration-complex. More revealing than amateurish efforts to interpret youthful behaviour, to discover a cause for decline in moral strength, to make sense out of a senseless mode of life, are the events themselves as they occurred, and remembered sensations which he does his best accurately to record. Of course he is not entirely reliable because he is only anxious to expose his shame like a withered leg, and not every event was shameful. But even allowing for this, *Le Sabbat* has its uses as a document ; and if the cult of perversity continues to be treasured as an historical phenomenon as it was once treasured as a philosophy of life, then the book will survive.

A more convincing picture of the Twenties has come down to us in the form of the novel than in the form of autobiography. But here at last is the Gidean hero in real life, a Bernard who has gone to the dogs, who is rejected by Edouard, taken on by Passavant, only to be rejected by Passavant on the disclosure of some heinous crime. With expected docility he jumps through all the hoops held up to him : intellectual exhilaration, love, Maritain—followed after their failure, after a vain struggle with the angel, by debauch, theft, fraud, (not at all a Genet-like existence because misery and guilt dog him), culminating in cruelty and the betrayal of what he is supposed still to love. Though he sank lower than, for notoriety, he need have sunk, he did his utmost to conform to the conventions of French literary life at the end of the first war, when you had to boast of homosexuality, drink too much, be deceitful, cause scandal—or rather, you either had to do these things or be in some respect remarkable to avoid excommunication. Sachs soon found he was in no respect remarkable. So he had to take the easy way out and play the clown, exercising his small talents for scandal-mongering in order to escape the one unforgivable sin of dimness. The disappointed novelist is driven to the refuge of sensationalism, just as the disappointed lover is driven to the refuge of promiscuity. There must have been many sleek young men propping up the bar of the *Boeuf*, in the same predicament, who followed his sad example. But Sachs alone is remembered. Why ? Not because he was unique or necessarily more talented, but because he wrote it all down and they didn't. Let us hope they still will, with the same robust disregard for good form.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

The Shakespearian Tempest is the fourth of G. Wilson Knight's fertilising studies in Shakespeare's thought, symbolism and imagery to be reissued (Methuen, 21s.). It has been thoroughly revised, and includes a new Chart of Shakespeare's "values and symbolic powers."

PERIPATETIC EGOS

The Vermilion Boat. By SUDHIN N. GHOSE. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*
The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Miss Finnigan's Fault. By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON. *Cassell.* 15*s.*
Solo Trumpet. By T. A. JACKSON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Not Like This. By JANE WALSH. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
One Man's Meat. By LUDOVIC KENNEDY. *Longmans.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Indian life as described by Dr. Ghose in these delightful autobiographical excursions of his is so rich it makes our Western mouth water. Some of our enthusiasm may be due to its unfamiliarity, but one gets the impression that the scene is never set. It is like living in an enormous tropical picaresque novel. New types, all vital, articulate and wildly gesticulating, appear at every turn; they display new blends of the traditional characteristics, notably a most engaging mixture of mysticism and humour, of transcendentalism and coney-catching. Here, perhaps, by one of those odd and not unjust historical ironies, is as near as we shall ever get to an "Elizabethan revival"—among the caper-cutting students, pert dancing girls, and monkey-minded swamis of Calcutta. Hurrah, then, for Hanuman!

Dr. Ghose's earlier books—*And Gazelles Leaping* and *Cradle Of The Clouds*—dealt with his childhood in a Bengal village. In *The Vermilion Boat* he tells us the story of his higher education. When it opens he is on his way to Calcutta University; when it closes he is at the height of his love affair with the beautiful Eurasian, Roma. In between are all sorts of things: adventures with water vipers bred by a yogi who is trying to produce a non-venomous species; a sensitive account of the home of his grandmother and aunt at Chandernagore; first impact of politics, and Communist propaganda about Soviet Russian Ballet; various historical digressions. That engaging Hindu sense of humour is everywhere. Dr. Ghose has sharp insight into the comic side of Anglo-Indian culture. Trust him to find you something special in the way of examination scandals:

> At (one) examination several scores of answer papers were found to have been written by one and the same hand. . . even so the standard of answers in different sheets varied considerably. . . . The authorities consulted some professional forgers who were serving their terms in the Presidency Jail and the Alipore Penitentiary. According to them reams of examination paper must have been smuggled out many weeks before the examination time. . . . The matter was serious. Much more serious than pummelling a professor. Far graver than the open sale of forged question papers a fortnight before the examinations in College Square. . . . These question papers were hawked right in front of our Senate House. "Get ready for your finals and intermediates," the pedlars barked. "Question papers for sale! The very questions you will be asked to answer! B.A. question papers for ten rupees a set! B.Sc. papers for fifteen rupees! M.B. papers for twenty rupees! Money refunded if not satisfied. . . ."

Something grotesque seems to be happening on every page. A pointed appreciation of Tagore's readable Bengali style—disapproved of by the pundits—leads instantly to the dramatic appearance of "a well-oiled, clean-shaven and stark-naked book-thief known as Naga Gangoo the Lady-Killer." It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the book's quality and of the way it mixes the poetic with the farcical, the factual with the fantastic. However much Dr. Ghose may debunk the swamis (some of whom employ thugs) there is something essentially oriental about his own approach to phenomena; reading him I was reminded more than once that it was the Hindus who invented zero by conceiving the Void as a number.

After Bengal, California seems made of cardboard, and Mr. Saroyan's early years, as told rather briefly in *The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills* give you, for all his conscientious benev-

olence and insistence on being at one with the universe, an itching feeling of emptiness. The recollections here are not very rich in detail. There is a minimum of incident: about being a messenger boy on a bicycle, selling newspapers on the streets of Fresno, turn-outs with the Fire Brigade. Events are treated as jumping-off points for little sermons and bits of egocentric philosophising:

> A man's car can thus become a pew on wheels—earth, world, and sky the church itself. . . . A man learns style from everything, but I learned mine from things on which I moved, and as writing is a thing which moves I think I was lucky to learn as I did.

Some of it might almost have been taken from a blue-sky book. Naivety has always been one of Mr. Saroyan's strong suits, worn with an odd tilt, Armenian, perhaps, of obliquity. The effect here is curiously disconcerting, as if a writer of really remarkable talent had undergone an operation for prefrontal leucotomy. It is significant, too, that we meet the girls with whom he falls in love in his dreams only, never in the flesh.

Miss Finnigan's Fault is an agreeable unpretentious mixture of a travelogue and history. Mr. Fitzgibbon began by going to Ireland to write about his ancestor, John Fitzgibbon, the richly detested first Earl of Clare, who was largely responsible for the fatal Union of 1801, and ended by writing partly about him, partly about Ireland, and partly about himself writing about them. The pattern turns out to be a satisfactory and pleasing one. It helps to engender the correct attitude of timelessness which is essential for any consideration of the snakeless land of ruin and weed. It enables you to follow Mr. Fitzgibbon from the Dublin bar where Miss Finnigan burst into tears on his neck, to and fro in time and space, from animadversions on the laziness of the Munster peasantry to the sensation of heavy exhaustion produced by drinking stout, symptomatic of the physiological and spiritual discomfort which Ireland so often inflicts upon the romantic visitor who comes in search of euphoria.

The next two books belong to the politically conscious department. *Solo Trumpet*, subtitled "Some Memories of Socialist Agitation and Propaganda," covers Mr. Jackson's early years, from compositor's apprentice struggling to educate himself by omnivorous reading to professional agitator, lecturer and stump orator during the period of the first world war before the formation of the British Communist Party. It is written in a horny, militant style, has a strong period flavour and a smell of fireworks. Mr. Jackson is a grand old intellectual dynamiter, especially good value when blasting the decadent intelligentsia. *Not Like This* is a straightforward piece of working-class autobiography, a human document and a painfully moving one. Mrs. Walsh was a Lancashire mill-girl. She was born in 1905, one of six children, daughter of an iron-dresser whose wages were 23s. a week. She married, and brought up two of her children on the dole in the Thirties. Her husband died when she was forty, just when things were beginning to look up a bit. Later, her third daughter developed infantile paralysis. In addition to these staggering blows and the general background of insecurity, she had a number of distressing experiences with doctors, means-test men, and labour exchange officials. Her writing, not entirely artless, is quite vivid, her story by no means untypical.

One Man's Meat consists of extracts from Mr. Kennedy's carefully kept and composed, but, it must be admitted, rather vacuous diary between 1949 and 1951. Mr. Kennedy is, or was, Librarian at Ashridge, the Adult Education College. In 1950 he married Miss Moira Shearer, from whose fan mail he treats us to some eccentric extracts. His excursions into literature are less successful:

> I have been reading *The Stricken Deer*, and this has led me to think about its author, Lord David Cecil, who for two years after the war was my tutor at Oxford. . . . I never had a more inspiring teacher; and what little I know of English literature is due mainly to him. He had an extraordinary knack of breathing life into the dullest subjects and so holding one's interest in them. This was due to the degree, rare in dons, in which he combined intellect, humanity and humour: for many dons (especially those who teach the Humanities) are lacking in humanity; and their humour tends to be dry and clever rather than robust and warm. . . .

That has the leaden banality which you might expect to find in the memoirs of a septuagenarian postmaster, but not in the diary of a bright young man. Nevertheless, this is by no means an unreadable book, whether taken as a case-history in successful adaptation or merely as entertainment.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

SUB-GROUP AND FRINGE

Social Psychology and Individual Values. By D. W. HARDING. *Hutchinson University Library.* 8s. 6d.

Besides being a Professor of Psychology, the author of this book is a literary critic of the socially oriented kind. He thus illustrates his own statement that "the individual man's simultaneous membership of many sub-groups gives him freedom from the scale of values represented by any one of them." He is a little to the side of sub-group orthodoxy in each of his roles. These moderate displacements make his book of more than textbook interest. This is not, in fact, an introduction to social psychology, but a challenge to "the alert layman who in the end can do as much as anyone to influence, by the questions he asks, the growth of a branch of science like social psychology." The layman, once prepared, will enjoy being provoked in this way. There are, after all, several recent books by English authors, such as the one by W. J. H. Sprott, which give the kind of information about this "branch of science" that Professor Harding deliberately leaves out.

The first few chapters are hampered by an unprofitable difference of opinion between Freud and the author about the origins of "social desire." According to the latter "man is naturally a social animal in the same sense as he is naturally a food-seeking animal or naturally a sexual animal." By all the norms of the animal kingdom, however, man is not at all a natural animal, whether making love, seeking food or associating with his fellows. Man's culture separates him from the rest of nature, and it is surely necessary to accept, with Freud, the fact that he becomes cultural by ceasing to be natural. Professor Harding appears unduly reluctant to concede that there is a connection, even if it has not so far been adequately explored or formulated, between man's uniqueness as a sexual animal and as a social animal.

But even if the underpinning of the book has this weakness, its development is both interesting and original. The idea of the sub-groups, their multiplicity and overlap, is presented convincingly and without jargon. There is an excellent chapter on "The Group's adequacy to its Members," in which the tables are turned on those who stress the need for integrating the individual in his group. "Only in a limited sense does society create its individual members. In equally important senses they as individuals create the group." This is an emphasis much needed, and seldom found, in the social sciences.

It is because of his sympathy with individuals like J. M. Synge and D. H. Lawrence that the writer has penetrated with so much imagination into the structure of social sub-groups and fringes. These writers were not content with their affiliation to the literary sub-group; they were reaching out for contact with a wider community. Even if they were partially frustrated, it made them innovators.

> It seems clear that individuals need enough toughness and resilience to tolerate conditions that fall far short of complete social harmony; otherwise they would never develop any original lines of activity.

From this starting point he re-examines a number of topics which many social psychologists and sociologists have discussed in a variety of ways.

ATTEMPTS AT
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A Study in British Trades Union History 1818-1834

G. D. H. Cole

Professor Cole's new book is an essential supplement to the history of British Trade Unionism, as related in the standard work by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. It tells the story of the attempts made after the Napoleonic Wars to link up and unite all the numerous local and sectional Trade Societies into a single comprehensive 'General Trades Union'—attempts which culminated in the short-lived Grand National Consolidated Trades Union formed under Robert Owen's influence in 1833. The book is based on a study of materials not previously used by historians and throws new light on many questions. 16s.

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His distinctive approach is seen in his treatment of competition, social status, leadership, normality, social plasticity and innovation. He gives the stories of Manet and Cézanne to illustrate two ways in which a creative artist was able to win acceptance from a public which was at first bitterly hostile. These analyses are suggestive: they are facilitated by Professor Harding's double qualification as critic and psychologist.

Leaving psychology as a science aside, the argument of the book is that society must leave room for eccentric individuals even when they "are not always the most comfortable people to know." There is the difficulty of distinguishing between the inventor and the crank. It is hard to prescribe a planned system of discrimination. It is part of a cultural tradition to effect just this sorting process. It may be suggested that we might focus our inquiries on why some cultural traditions—in Universities, in the world of books and the arts and sciences—have been so much more effective than others in encouraging the individuals who produce advances. Professor Harding points the way to a comparative study of cultural traditions from which the "alert layman" may in time learn "techniques for helping those with special gifts to excel the rest of us."

CHARLES MADGE

A HOUSE OF GENTLEWOMEN

The English Housewife in the Seventeenth Century. By CHRISTINA HOLE. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

How far the historian should appear in his history is an unresolved problem. Even in a work like the present study which is not, and does not pretend to be profound, the question arises. Recorder or interpreter, arbiter or partisan, the historian is an artist rather than a craftsman; and, like others who deal in words, needs a more than ordinary gift to bring life to the past he is describing. Reading Miss Hole's book, useful as it is, is not unlike walking through a museum; here, static and flat, are muff and ruff; horn-book and sampler; the plague bill; the red-valanced bed for sickness; the truckle bed for the servants. Climax is wanting, or it may be animation, the general picture of daily life in action. What occupations have the lady's sons and husband while she busies herself with rose leaves in the still-room? Have they the long leisure which made the days of Jane Austen's men and women so continued a social occasion?

In the half-life that Miss Hole presents, however, the Stuart lady, from her arranged marriage to her ceremonious death, has little enough of idle time. We see her in still-room, sickroom and nursery; about her card games or music; obedient as a daughter, severe as a parent; directing a citadel of servants in a home where brewing and preserving, the making of butter, soap and candles, the spinning of thread and the stitching of clothes, were constant and necessary occupations. She is most real, perhaps, in her trials and griefs; they were not few. A dowerless girl of good family had little chance of any but a disobedient runaway match; unmarried, there was nothing for her but the post of companion or waiting-gentlewoman—furniture, as it were, of the large establishment. As for its mistress, about half of the dismayingly large number of children born died in infancy; a good proportion of the rest not long after.

> Harrison, my eldest son, and Henry my second son, Richard, my third; Henry my fourth; and Richard, my fifth, are all dead; my second lies buried in the Protestant Church-yard in Paris . . . my eldest daughter, Anne, lies buried in the Parish Church of Tankersley, in Yorkshire, where she died; Elisabeth lies in the Chapel of the French Hospital at Madrid, where she died of a fever at ten days old; my next daughter of her name lies buried in the Parish of Foot's Cray in Kent . . . and my daughter Mary lies in my father's vault in Hertford, with my first son, Henry.

So wrote Lady Fanshawe, an Ambassador's wife. Death apart, rickets was a nursery commonplace; scurvy, on the winter diet of salted meat, must have affected the whole household. Table manners were rough; sanitation was primitive; ideas about infection were vague in the extreme; smallpox, consumption and plague abounded, the treatment being often as formidable as the disease. We hear too of troubles no less hard to cure—melancholy, hysteria, the falling sickness.

But if we compare the lot of the Stuart gentlewoman with that of her successors, we cannot deny that it has considerable dignity and grace. Both intelligence and intelligent occupation were expected of her—two things which were proscribed to her Victorian counterpart. In civilised times, few fates can have been worse than to be born a woman in the nineteenth century. The mid-Victorian home, with its enforced leisure for one group of women and its consequent near-slavery for another, its fear of education, and its illogical double standards of behaviour, had few moral advantages over the eastern harem which, in a gloomy way, it seems often to have resembled. Nor does the average suburban housewife of our own time compare at all well with her Stuart forebears, who valued serious education as a prelude to marriage.

Yet, if domestic life in the seventeenth century had unity and purpose, a restless spirit must have been fretted sometimes by the narrowness of its confines. The Stuart ladies, Miss Hole confidently states, "had no ambition towards a sex-equality which they would probably have despised." The modern term, in the context, has a false ring. But even so, and even from a historian, such assertions are presumptuous. What of the waiting-gentlewoman, with her "hard, dull and irksome" position (Miss Hole's own words?) And did not one of the more articulate ladies, the Countess of Winchilsea, lament at the end of the century that

> the dull manage of a servile house
> Is thought by some our utmost art and use?

It would be more profitable if Miss Hole were to say how far the lives of men and women in that period were governed by the same opportunities and restraints; the further this likeness goes, the less the matter of "equality" arises.

There is plenty of smaller business, however, to divert the reader from such issues. We notice that forks (an Italian notion) were not used until the mid-century; that fresh fruit was believed to cause fevers; that beer was still considered by some as a foreign drink, a "Dutch boorish liquor"; that Stuart children of three years old knew the grammar of half a dozen languages; that during the century tea, coffee and chocolate made their first appearance in England; that chairs were scarce, and that drunkenness seems to have been regarded in the Erewhonian manner as a misfortune rather than as a fault. We may learn too how to make rushlights, hippocras, and many delightful sauces; how to dye hair gold; how to cause a woman "to look gay and fresh as if she were but fifteen years old."

Alas, Miss Hole's unemphatic diligence is not to be counted on. Her omissions are strange. To take the largest, she makes no reference to the century's literature, not merely as her ladies' reading, but as a source of material. "Even Historiographers," wrote Sidney "(although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads) have been glad to borrow both fashion and perchance weight of Poets." It is not frivolous to recall this in connection with seventeenth-century poetry—Herbert's, for instance—which turns to the minutiae of domestic life not only in description but (the more revealing because the more instinctive) in its imagery. As for the ladies behind the glass wall that time places between one age and another, we know that they went, with their hidden thoughts, about their stately and useful lives. But we cannot follow them. One of them was Dorothy Osborne, who receives here only the slightest of mentions. Another was Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, a rich mine, one would think, in her writings. She is never referred to at all.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE HAPPY POET

William Barnes of Dorset. By GILES DUGDALE. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." William Barnes was the embodiment of the ancient ideal of a happy man. He was born in 1801, the son of a small farmer in Dorset, and except for one serious illness remained in good health almost until the year of his death, 1886. He loved the county of his birth, which he never left and where he earned considerable local celebrity. His rural schooling gave a good start to his education, which he increased by his own unceasing efforts until he was acquainted with sixty languages. He first saw Julia Miles when she was sixteen and he was eighteen. He fell in love at first sight, wooed her in verse and prose, overcame her father's objection, and in due course married her. More precious than rubies, she bore him a large family and was his indispensable partner in successfully managing a school. The one lasting sorrow in his life was her premature death in 1852. His poems in the Dorset dialect were written as a relaxation from the cares of his school, simple essays in the application of the philological theories which became his ruling intellectual interest.

The latter part of his life was spent as rector of the little parish of Came. His philological work, and especially his poems, won him increasing fame and respect; celebrities came to visit him; his poems attracted the interest of Hopkins and were an important formative influence on those of Hardy. Shortly before Barnes's death, Patmore summed up his poetical achievement very characteristically: "He has done a small thing well, while his contemporaries have been mostly engaged in doing big things ill."

Affection is perhaps the strongest emotion Barnes's personality can arouse, while respect is the most that can be felt for his work. His life was without conflict, other than the struggle for material security; his nature required no passionate expression; unceasing and happy activity, moderately fruitful, occupied most of his life. We may perhaps regret that too much of his energy was devoted to the lost cause of pure Saxon English and made of him something of a crank. Yet he was of such sweetness and

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integrity of character, so much lacking in vanity and affectation, so much the counterpart of Chaucer's poor parson, that even the most sophisticated can never feel superior. His poems lack fire, but they are the true expression of his life and personality; his energies were too widely dissipated for a modern interpreter to find in them any compelling central purpose.

Amidst a spate of more sensational biography, such a life, useful and tranquil as it was, and remaining well outside the main currents of Victorian life, does not make exciting reading. Mr. Giles Dugdale has performed his task with patience and love; but so great is the wealth of local detail, topographical and social, especially in the earlier part, that the central figure scarcely emerges as a living person until he is well on in years. It is a portrait in which the sitter is lost in the background. Moreover, the biographer is over partial to his subject. The fault is a serious one. No doubt Barnes was a gifted child, an industrious apprentice, an ardent scholar, a devoted husband, a talented writer, an enlightened schoolmaster, an enthusiastic amateur musician and artist, a good friend and host, a benefactor to his county—but the recital of unmitigated perfection is apt to try both the reader's patience and his credulity. It is a relief to learn that he became a bit of an oddity as to his dress in old age—but to Mr. Dugdale even this is the most natural and unaffected thing in the world. But did the writer of *Poems in Dorset Dialect* never swear, throw stones at a cat, or say something rude about Mr. Swinburne? We would have forgiven him.

JAMES REEVES

NEW NOVELS

The Midlanders. By ELIZABETH COXHEAD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Five. By DORIS LESSING. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thelma. By VERA CASPARY. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Great Benefits. By HILARY SETON. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

All these four books are by women, and two of them at least—the last two—are what publishers, libraries and so on call "women's novels." The typical "woman's novel" is easier to dismiss than to describe; it has, however, a special atmosphere, of the powder-room, the nursery, the *boutique*, and a special businesslike, one might say professional, attitude to sex.

> She wore yellow organdie with a brown velvet sash. In order that Lyle should not take her for granted she made him wait seven minutes.

Thus Miss Caspary.

> "Anything lighter would be ridiculous next to white," said Joanna. "As it is, I think yellow and white is a hopeless combination, but since you refuse to wear any other colour there's nothing to be said. Though I would like to remind you that this is my wedding."

Thus Miss Seton.

This note is likely to discourage male readers, just as the note of self-conscious schoolboyish toughness in the "masculine" thriller-type is boring to women.

The special interest of Miss Elizabeth Coxhead's work is that she writes what might be called a "woman's novel" if the phrase had not acquired a pejorative flavour. She writes with a feminine perception and point of view, yet with a masculine breadth of interest. She never descends to the banality of yellow organdie. The author of a novel (*One Green Bottle*) which caught the actualities of rock-climbing with commanding authenticity, she showed also in *A Play Toward* that she could create interest and suspense without drawing upon the resources of physical action. Her new book is her best yet. Set in the Midland stocking-manufacturing town of Alney which Miss Coxhead introduced in *A Play Toward*, and dealing largely with the same characters, it sets the personal story of Sophia Littlejohn against a clearly observed background of town and county. The bridge between the two consists of the Bannisters, the manufacturers whose heir in the course of the book marries into the Peerage. This is the tradition of Mrs. Gaskell, English of the English, and Miss Coxhead is at home in it. She is never less than brilliantly readable. Her portraits, whether of Councillor Goadby, the small-town big-wig, or of Lorna Bannister the imperious fox-hunting bitch, vibrate with life. Indeed the account of Lorna's treatment of Sophia at the ball really makes painful reading. The happy ending is perhaps a slightly false note, not so much in itself, but because it does not come with that inevitability of result, which, mingled with suspense about method, is the hallmark of this domestic tradition.

With this tradition Miss Lessing has no connection. Her exemplar is D. H. Lawrence, but more than most writers who have had that mark struck into them she has retained individuality. She is a writer of considerable power, which, however, gives an impression of not being organised. Her new book consists of five pieces of which it is said that they are "conceived as novels and not as short stories." They would better be described as long short stories, or in the case of one of them, *A Home for the Highland Cattle*, as a sketch. About a liberal-minded Englishwoman settling in Africa, it is a kind of study in the fretting of the nerves, but it remains a study. When she is writing on the subject which has claimed her, that of the race relations in Africa, Miss Lessing often gives the impression that she is practising to write a masterpiece, and in this volume at least she performs more satisfactorily on another subject, the obsession of gold. *Eldorado* is a real story, in which a situation is created and resolved. It is compact and purposeful and it is here that Miss Lessing's special ability of, as it were, playing directly upon her readers' nerves, is most effective. Elsewhere the book gives in too many places the impression that Miss Lessing has not really come to terms with her peculiar and potentially formidable talent.

If *Thelma* has, as I have suggested, one brown velvet sash too many, it is only fair to explain that Miss Caspary is treating her heroine—the wearer of the sash—with clear-sighted irony. She grows out of a deprived childhood into the higher income brackets and becomes the complete Possessive Mother, having a pretty good stab at ruining her daughter's life. There are moments when, in revealing Thelma's machinations, Miss Caspary rises to real power in bringing her awfulness (she is a liar, a climber, and deliberately frigid) into play with the reasons for it, but for the rest this easily read book is a little too routine to make much impression.

Miss Seton, like Miss Coxhead, is in the English domestic tradition. Back in the Rectory we have again one of those reserved young English charmers getting her man after a time in which it seemed she might be neglected for more obvious beauties. A touch of whimsy, a half-spoonful too much sugar in the tea of this first novel; but Miss Seton has that sharpness in revealing character (and social position) in dialogue which is essential to practitioners in this field. *Great Benefits* is entertaining, and only a little too self-consciously charming. Now that Miss Seton has shown that she can write everyone else's novel perhaps she will write her own.

J. D. SCOTT

You Have a Point There. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Punctuation, says Mr. Partridge, is not a haphazardry, nor is it a perfunctoriness. It has a right and wrong, the delineation of which is a part of his personal and prolific Odyssey. So many able men have now invaded what used to be called the Partridge Preserve, and are busily writing books about writing, that even the best of them (Mr. Partridge is still probably the best) are beginning to need punning titles to catch the eye, but no one who cares about good writing should hesitate to acquire this one and keep it always within reach.

Some of us err in the most elementary matters: when, for example, we write 16, Parker Street, London, S.W.13, we are using three superfluous commas. Some of the watch-dogs (not Mr. Partridge) would say that we are also using two superfluous full-stops. Even so, Mr. Partridge is fonder of commas than most modern writers, who by his standards are comma-shy and sparse-punctuators and thus illustrate his taste in hyphenation. The trouble is that people like Mr. Partridge and the Fowlers write their prose with such punctuative punctilio that now and then it gets in the way of your reading, while their style sometimes takes on the convolutions of difficult verse, as in this example on Mr. Partridge's page 83: "Singly a word, paired a word group or even a passage, the asterisk occasionally serves to indicate that the word or words have a special character. . . ." But whatever he does to himself Mr. Partridge will make nearly everyone write better. Or should there be a comma after "himself"?

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 3 ("Pastoral") (LPO/Boult.**§D.LXT2787). In his analysis of this most beautiful symphony Tovey points out that, while Beethoven's "Pastoral" is the work of a townsman, Vaughan Williams's is that of a composer whose native element is the English countryside. Except in the Scherzo, a dance movement which defines appropriately the good old term, "clod-hopping," the tempi are as calm and steady as a procession of cumulus clouds on a day of high summer; and the modal themes differ one from another only as the features of a single landscape come forward or recede under the changing lights of morning, afternoon and evening. The symphony is conducted and played with complete understanding, and the recording is excellent. The wordless melisma with which the Finale opens and closes is smoothly and coolly sung by Margaret Ritchie. BEETHOVEN: **Symphony No. 8; SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished") (RPO/Beecham. §C.33CX1039). It would be hard to

Company Meeting

Smith's Potato Crisps

RECORD PRODUCTION AND SALES

The twenty-fourth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Limited was held on July 7 in London.

Mr. Fermian Le Neve-Foster, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

The nett profit, before taxation, for the year shows a remarkable increase to the sum of £271,859 as compared with £184,330 in the previous year.

The most satisfactory feature is the substantial increase in the profits of the Parent Manufacturing Company. This has been achieved in spite of some increases in the costs of materials and transport and in labour rates. It is attributable mainly to the considerably greater volume of production and sales. These constitute an all-time record in the history of the company.

The directors recommend a Final Dividend of 20 per cent, plus a Cash Bonus of 5 per cent, both less income tax, on the enlarged capital.

The consolidated balance-sheet shows an exceedingly strong position. Fixed assets show a small increase, but the additions to plant, etc., have, within £1,500, been looked after by the amounts which we have written off for depreciation. With British Government securities, tax reserve certificates and cash standing at a total of £460,955, we have an exceptionally strong liquid position.

I have in the past referred to the reasons for the popularity of Crisps. They will be found in the shops of grocers and caterers, in snack and cocktail bars, and in licensed houses, as well as in the homes. The demand for Smith's Crisps continues unabated and now that we have been able to supply greater quantities, we find evidence on all hands that our claim that "There are no Crisps like Smith's" is truly well-founded.

The results of the first two months of the current year are most encouraging and if they are maintained I have every hope that at our next meeting I shall be able to place before you results which are as good, or perhaps even better, than those which we are now considering.

The report was adopted.

achieve a more graceful or spirited performance of Beethoven's Eighth: the tempi are just right, the balance is admirable, and there is some lovely horn tone in the Trio of the Minuet. This is indeed a happy coupling, for the "Unfinished," which was rather muddy on SP, has been greatly clarified in the transfer. I continue to harbour a personal preference for the Steinberg version (Cap), with its crisper rhythms; but most people will probably feel more at home with the Beecham rendering in its new form. SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3, E flat major (New York Phil Sym Orch/Walter. §C.33CX1045). Though furnished with some fine themes, this is the stodgiest of Schumann's symphonies. One notices Walter's gracious touch here and there in the phrasing, especially in the second movement; but the clumsy orchestration needs unscrambling, and here the crude recording has the opposite effect, for the sound is "gramophony," with grumpy brass and string tone as rough as a hair shirt. BRAHMS: Symphony No. 4 (NBCSO/Toscanini. *§G.ALP-1029). If it were not for some pitch wavering in the Finale, and a clarinet that is sadly off-colour at the opening of the second movement, this would be a double-star issue, for the performance is instinct with fire and sensibility. Toscanini's is a very lyrical reading, except in the central variations of the Finale, where a less unyielding beat might seem in better accord with the character of the music. But on the whole this is a very good recording—certainly the best now available. TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique") (Philharmonia Orch/Cantelli. **§G.ALP1042). We have had to wait a long time—in fact, since the pre-war Furtwängler set—for a wholly satisfactory modern recording of this symphony; but here, at last, it is. Cantelli secures a controlled yet passionate performance (I have rarely heard the Philharmonia play more splendidly), never allowing the emotion to spill over or the movements to fall to pieces. The orchestral tone is exceptionally fine and sounds comfortable even at the climaxes. My only complaint is that the pauses between the movements are much too short. SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 5; *Finlandia* (Philharmonia Orch/Karajan. **§C.33CX1047). This is a grand and spacious reading of the symphony, which to my mind wins on points over the good, but more staid Tuxen version (Decca). The introductory section of the first movement is slower, more impressive and threatening; in the second the impending C sharp is given its full importance as a constant threat to the blandness of the G major harmony; and the swinging Finale is driven bravely to its heroic conclusion. Opinions will be sharply divided on the desirability of *Finlandia* as a fill-up; but those who like the piece will find the performance and recording well up to standard. ELGAR: Enigma Variations; PURCELL: Suite from the dramatic music (LSO/Sargent. **§D.LXT2786). The Enigma Variations are very difficult to play—as we might guess from the number of bosh shots that are so often made at them. But this time all is well: Sir Malcolm secures a performance that is both careful and enthusiastic; the tempi are sensible, the solos are beautifully played, and the recording is well managed. Albert Coates's arrangement of movements from Purcell's dramatic works makes a charming suite. DELIUS: *Brigg Fair; On hearing the first cuckoo; Walk to the Paradise Garden (Village Romeo); Song of Summer* (LSO/Collins. *§D.LXT2788). A cleverly chosen omnium gatherum. Anthony Collins, always a self-effacing conductor, shows himself thoroughly alive to the quality of Delius's purely lyrical gift; his handling is never sentimental, nor is the kaleidoscopic harmony ever less than clear. The woodwind solos are not ideally phrased—especially in *Brigg Fair*. Otherwise this is an excellent issue. WAGNER: *Lohengrin*—Prelude, Act I (NBCSO Toscanini. *G.DB21574). The candid beauty of this movement depends to a large extent on the roundness and steadiness of the string tone—qualities difficult to obtain, at a very slow tempo, on the gramophone. If the present recording is not perfect, it is several steps nearer perfection than any other post-war version of the piece. The chording is precise and the long crescendo masterfully controlled. Also recommended: BANTOCK: *Fifine at the Fair* (RPO/Beecham. **§G.BLP1016); VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Tallis Fantasia; ELGAR: *Wand of Youth*, Suite No. 2 (BBC Sym Orch/Sargent. *§G.BLP1019); BRITTEN: Variations on a theme by Frank Bridge; WARLOCK: Capriol Suite (Boyd Neel String Orch. **§D.LXT2790); FALLA: *Tricorne*, Suite No. 2; RAVEL: *La Valse*; PROKOFIEV: Classical Symphony; DUKAS: *L'apprenti sorcier* (Philharmonia Orch/ Markevitch. **§C.33CX1049).

Chamber Music and Piano. SCHUMANN: Piano Quintet, E flat major, Op. 44 (Curzon/Budapest Qt. *§C.33CX1050). Schumann's finest piece of chamber music here receives a performance that is always adequate and, in the central movements, really impressive. Clifford Curzon's account of the piano part is almost too discreet, and neither of the outlying movements seems to me to have enough drive to obviate the squareness that is the bane of Schumann's large-scale structures. But these faults are negative and the positive achievement is good enough to give repeated pleasure. Also highly recommended: SCHUMANN: *Kinderszenen*; DEBUSSY: Children's Corner Suite (Gieseking. **§C33C1014).

Vocal. The History of Music in Sound, Vols. II and III (12 12-inch discs each. H.M.V. Special Issue). It is quite impossible, within the space at my disposal, to give an adequate review of this enormous undertaking, which, as planned, will be complete in ten volumes. Volume II (I has not yet been issued) takes us from early medieval music up to 1300, Volume III from the 14th century *Ars nova* to the Renaissance; both volumes are edited by Dom Anselm Hughes, while the entire project is under the general editorship of Professor Gerald Abraham. Exhaustive and well printed booklets are issued with each volume, containing historical and explanatory matter and—what is even more important—extensive quotations in music type. The artists placed under contribution include such admirable bodies as the Pro Musica Antiqua ensemble, the Brompton Oratory and Nashdom Abbey choirs, the Schola Polyphonica, the Renaissance and Bodley Singers, and among the soloists, Alfred Deller, Frederick Fuller, Susi Jeans and Carl Dolmetsch. It would be difficult to exaggerate the interest and fascination of these records, which are authoritatively performed and for the most part excellently recorded, with a comfortable acoustic and the minimum of distortion. The only serious criticism I have to make at this stage concerns the transpositions of the music. While these are given at the foot of the quotations in the booklets, they are not invariably correct; and in any case, why not have printed the music always in the key in which it is sung? There must be many musical people who cannot easily transpose at sight. WOLF: *Auf eine Christblume No.* 1 (Höngen/Moore. *C. LB140). This curious and rarely heard song repays attention, for, although on first hearing it may seem dull and mannered, further acquaintance reveals great subtlety in the vocal line and a characteristic felicity in musical interpretation of the text. The song is tenderly delivered, though with somewhat flimsy tone. The balance is excellent. LEHAR: *The Merry Widow* (Schwarzkopf/Loose/Kunz/Gedda/Kraus, etc./Philharmonia Orch and Chorus/Ackermann. **§C. 33CX1051-2). Both in performance and recording this issue is worthy to stand beside the Decca *Fledermaus*. It is delightful to find that, in so zestful and authentic a rendering, the music is equal in skill and charm to all but the very best of Johann Strauss. The dialogue, reduced to a minimum, is spoken with discretion and humour, and it is extremely well characterised. The principals are first-rate, communicating their enjoyment of the occasion, and it is a great pleasure to hear the brilliant score so well played.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,217

Set by Epsilon

Readers are asked to imagine that prospective biographers are seeking details concerning the following: Lloyd George, Sickert, Margot Oxford, Sir Thomas Lipton, Northcliffe, Curzon, Dame Ethel Smyth, J. M. Barrie, F. E. Smith. They are to supply an apocryphal and apposite anecdote about any one of them. Limit, 150 words.

Report by Epsilon

The class is in for a wigging. "*Apocryphal* and apposite" were the words, Stevenson: I didn't ask you to mess about with fact. P. M., you are let off with a caution: even if you did meddle with truth you made slight amends by enclosing that absurd Barrie photograph. Yes, Thom Johnson, "apposite": did you really think your illustration of aristocratic ignorance—"Tell me, fellow, who is Stanley Baldwin?"—remotely in character with Lord Curzon?

Now for the minor offenders: John Digby, write out "The Provost of Kirriemuir" a hundred times—Mayor, indeed! G. J. Blundell: re-read *The Golden Bowl* backwards for making Henry James pun; Robert Gaffikin, Edgar Caton, Eric Swainson—learn ten pages of Rogers's *Table Talk* by heart, to teach you to send up such a mess of verbiage round an almost invisible point.

Only five guineas in prizes: two to Alice James who succeeds in mixing dogs and people to an alarmingly Barrie extent; a guinea each to P. McC. F., Elaine Morgan and Edward Blishen, who at least took

PERSONAL

SUSSEX.—Lovely Old House, all mod. cons., available 3 or 4 weeks in School summer hols. 5 bdrms. and service available, quiet surroundings. 1 hr. London. Box 692.

YOUNG French Teacher desires au pair post England to improve English, Aug. Mlle. Lamoureux, Colonie de St. Fargeau, par Ponthierry, Seine et Marne, France.

GERMAN schoolgirl (12) wishes stay au pair with English family for summer holidays. Willing look after baby or help children. Please contact Dr. Quambusch, 69 Breitestrasse, Düsseldorf.

FRENCH Boy (Scout) aged 15 wishes to spend holiday August 15 to September 15 in School Camp, College, or with family with boy of same age. Box 601.

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PERSONAL—continued

GLYNDEBOURNE. The Opera House has more seats and a longer season this year. Contrary to rumour, a few seats are still available for immediate booking for most performances. Apply Glyndebourne, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 80), 23 Baker Street, W.1. (WEL. 0572) or agents.

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P.S.—"'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true!" Harold Ingham has now closed bookings for first Summer School parties Rome, Venice, Barcelona, Innsbruck, Lausanne—still a few vacancies in later parties—last chance—seize it!

P.P.S.—Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, or ring Harrow 1040 (but not after 11 p.m.).

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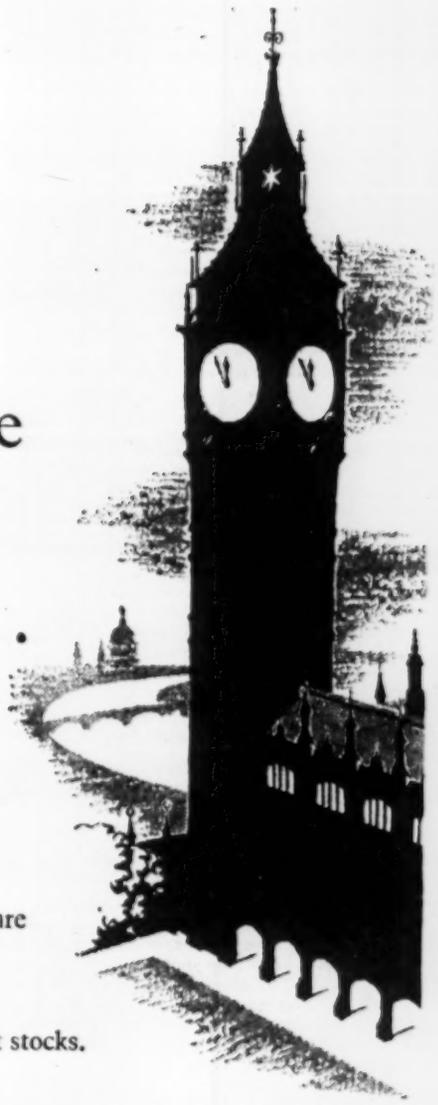

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some pains to give their anecdotes a credible provenance.

J. M. BARRIE

J. M. B. once brought his cricket eleven to play against our village team (name withheld). The Allahakbarries were a mixed collection of celebrities ranging from Mrs. Patrick Campbell to the Moderator of the General Assembly. The visitors being one short J. M. B. despatched his St. Bernard to bring up a reserve. The dog did not return; but a stranger duly arrived, whose speed when running was actually greater than that of the ball, which was invariably retrieved from behind him.

J. M. B. had ordered a sumptuous supper, not only for the teams but for their mothers as well. Such was his hospitality that it was some days before the local ladies were themselves again; and I myself remember seriously wondering if the disappearance of the dog had any connection with the advent of the unexplained stranger whom I last saw slithering under the table with the remains of the leg of mutton.

ALICE JAMES

Sir,—Summer of 1904 I was operating in Pittsburg, keeping two kids of a tycoon under observation.

Kids was playing with a little stub of a guy who was trying to write some notes, I guess, which them kids was deadset on mussing. They sure mussed. They stuck his papers together with fish-glue, filled his 9¾ Homburg with muck, stopped his ears with chewing-gum and force-fed him a mixed salad of ivy, bugs and chopped earth-worms. While he was catting I grabbed the nearest kid and put him in my sack, but the guy turned too soon and I beat it. Then hearing a holler I looked back. The little guy had stuffed the second kid in and was struggling to tie the sack best he could. "Here," he says, "and if theres any cash over send it to the Dogs Home," and he give me his card. Mr. James Matthew Barrie. Engraved real swell.

Alcatraz *Jo Petronelli.*

P. McC. F.

LLOYD GEORGE

Dear Mister Epsilon,—Somebody have told me you like peeple to send you bits about Lloyd George. I dont expeck this is any good for your book, its not a proper story only my grandmother was on the train when Maggie Owen that was, Mrs. George she would be then off course, went up to London with him on their huneymoon. My grandmother heard him say What are you thinking about merch fach i. Maggie said, I was thinking we must always remember this. It will be something to look back on all our lifes.

And he said yes, indeed, with that glory in his voice like when he talked to the Band of Hope.

Well I told you it wassnt a proper story, only my grandmother always thought it funny like, because Maggie was looking on to London when she said it and Davie was looking back at Wales.

ELAINE MORGAN

SICKERT

It will be remembered that Sickert had been reproved for using photographs as a basis for his paintings. This left him with a permanent soreness.

One day he attended the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Photographic Art. He peered with solemn respect at the works on the wall until he came to a landscape. Bounding into the air, he cracked his fingers, ejaculated in a various and unintelligible fashion, and dashed out of the gallery.

In half an hour he was back with a small reproduction of a painting by Corot. He placed it by the side of the photograph. There was a strong resemblance.

"The impostor! The fake! The swindler!" shouted Sickert. "He should be booted out of the Society!

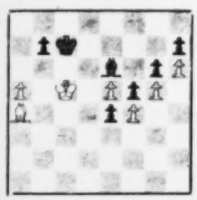
"*This photograph is obviously copied from a painting!*"

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Tipping the Balance

No. 197

Hardly anything in Chess is more instructive than an endgame position so precariously balanced that the slightest inaccuracy is liable to tip the balance one way or another. Here—Riello-Poschauko, Austro-Italian match, 1951—is such a position. Evidently, White has much the stronger B, and the Black B must never relinquish his sentry duties for his RP and KKtP; yet, the constant menace of his passed KP should just suffice to keep the balance. White tried (1) B-K8, threatening B x P and forcing (1) . . . B-Kt1. He had planned to continue (2) P-K6, K-Q1 (3) B-Q7, K-K2 (4) B-B6, P x B (5) P-R6, P-K6 (6) P-R7, P-K7 (7) P queens, P queens (8) Q x B; but seeing now that Black could then force the draw by Q-R4 ch, White retreated his B to R4, hoping for something better to turn up. It did, but only with the gratuitous co-operation of his opponent who now committed his first inaccuracy by playing (2) . . . B-B2. What he should have done after White's false start was to emulate him in restoring the *status quo*. White played (3) K-Q4, and now Black's only chance to hold this precariously balanced position was K-Q1. Instead, he committed his second and fatal inaccuracy (3) . . B-K3. For now, after (4) B-K8, B-Kt1 (5) P-K6 he is hopelessly lost. Obviously (5) . . . K-Q1 (6) B-Q7, K-K2 (7) B-B8 would not do; hence Black played (5) . . . K-Q3, but now, after (6) K-K3! he found himself in *zugzwang*. Evidently, K-K2 is ruled out by (7) B-B6; so he might as well take the P, the sequel being (6) . . . K x P (7) B-B6, K-Q3 (8) B x KtP, B-Q4. If Black had played (8) . . . K-B4 it would not have helped him either, as readers can easily see for themselves by examining the variations resulting from (9) P-R6, K-Kt3 (10) B x P!, P x B (11) K x P. As it happened the game continued (9) B-R6, K-B4 (10) B-K2!, B-K3 (11) P-R6, K-Kt3 (12) K-Q4. Here Black exceeded the time-limit; but obviously he could not play (12) . . . B-B1 for fear of (13) B-R5, nor could he stave off the collapse of his position in any other way.



The 4-pointer this week is very easy, but quite instructive for beginners. It is a game position in which White played Kt x QP; his opponent blundered by taking the Kt with his B. How was he punished for his greed? **B** is a study which its author called "The Goalkeeper." How does the valiant B manage to ward off all those pawns and to inflict a mate? It seems a fitting example for a precariously balanced position, but none too difficult for 6 ladder-points. But I feel almost miserly in offering a mere 7 points for **C**, a very subtle draw.

A: Max Euwe 1923

B: A. Mouterde 1921

C: J. de Villeneuve 1923

Usual prizes. Entries by July 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 20

A: (1) . . . Kt-K7 ch. (2) R x Kt, R-B8 ch. (3) K x R, Q-R8 ch. (4) K-B2, Kt-Kt5 mate.

B: (1) R-R6 ch, K-Kt8. (2) R-R5, P-Kt5. (3) R-R4, P-Kt6. (4) R-R3, R-QKt7. (5) R x P ch, K-B7. (6) R-Kt6, K-K6. (7) R-Q6! etc.

if (2) . . . K-B8. (3) R-R1 ch etc. (3) R-QKt5 would be refuted by (3) . . . R-Q7.

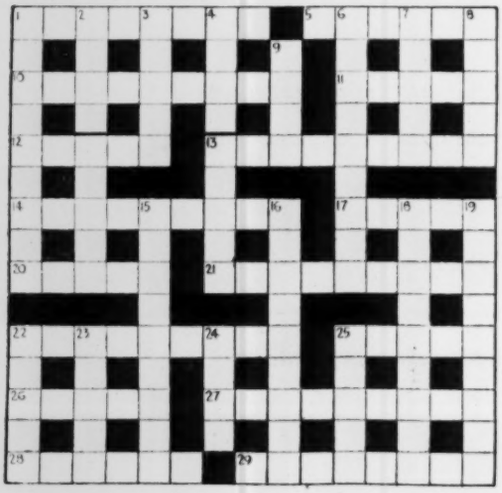
C: (1) K-B6 ch, K-R1! (2) B-Kt3, K-R2! (3) Kt-B7, Q-R5! (4) Kt-Kt5 ch.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **B**. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, R. L. Mason, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. *Non-Londoners' 10th move* Kt x P. *Londoners' 10th due by July 15.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 56

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 56, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 21st July.



ACROSS

1. Seasoned mahogany (8).
5. Talk to a publisher (6).
10. The country makes a very fair start (9).
11. Words of love among the celibate (5).
12. Season for riding? (5).
13. Hostile speeches are a set-back to help for primitive peoples (9).
14. Banish one subject for nation-alisation (9).
17. There is hard labour in for an arch-thief (5).
20. For a bob more you can get less comfortable quarters (5).
21. Without hopes of recovering easy livings (9).
22. Pacific name for a novelist (9).
25. Express approval of the fare (5).
26. Pupil of 17 (5).
27. Share about four; this almost makes up the need (9).
28. Thought to catch me in the act (6).
29. Half-speed light-armed troops (8).

DOWN

1. Jump over the drink; it is child's play (9).
2. Country or seaside (4, 5).
3. Part of the church is in the drink (5).
4. Sweets produced by bitter tears (4, 5).
6. Expression of respect (9).
7. If you eat humble pie, you must put this in (5).
8. A refreshing contrast (5).
9. A girl to rave about (4).
15. Shakespeare called this villainous (9).
16. Tin a green fruit (9).
18. Shrubs which come up first class in cultivated ground (9).
19. They make sinners go and stop rooting (9).
22. Padded for softness (5).
23. A cutting thing is quickly said (5).
24. Electricity units for a chemist (4).
25. This plan well becomes a statesman's residence (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 54

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 54

L. Bate (Cambridge), Mrs. J. F. Milligan (Larkhall), A. E. Hart (Esher).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Producer of Drama and Features—Victoria. The Australian Broadcasting Commission invites applications for appointment to the position of Producer of Drama and of Feature programmes on the staff of the Victorian Branch of the Commission in Melbourne. The successful applicant will be appointed at a salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,214-1,428 (to which is at present added a cost-of-living adjustment of £A192 per annum). Applicants should state age and nationality and furnish full particulars of experience in broadcasting and qualifications as a producer. Duties will include producing serials, plays, and special features as required. Applicants should possess a good knowledge of the history of drama and developments in radio drama and have had experience in studio production technique and in editing and adaptation of plays. An understanding of radio writing in regard to both features and plays is desirable. Copies only of references should be forwarded. Applications, which close on July 24, 1953, should be addressed to the Assistant Controller of Administration (Personnel), Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

B.B.C. requires Television Organisers in Midland, North and West Regions and in Scotland, with direct responsibility to the appropriate Head of Programmes for co-ordination of television programme projects and for liaison and negotiation with other Regions and with Television Service in London. Duties include exploitation of programme resources in Region concerned, planning and maintenance of quarterly schedules and other programme administrative work. The work is normally full time on television but working knowledge of similar functions in sound broadcasting must be acquired for informed and economical liaison when interests overlap. Programme production is not involved but close collaboration with Regional Television Producer is required. Qualifications required include relevant administrative experience and first-hand knowledge of geographical areas concerned. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,330 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within a week marked "T.O.—N.Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Talks Assistant in European Service to write and commission talks, chiefly upon current affairs, to be broadcast in translation and also in English Service to Europe. Extensive knowledge of foreign affairs and of continent of Europe and capacity to write fluently and concisely are essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.A. Eur.S.—N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge, Department of Applied Economics and Industrial Research Group of the Faculty of Economics and Politics. Applications are invited for appointments in connection with the Department's programme of economic and statistical research and to assist members of the Industrial Research Group of the Faculty of Economics and Politics. Applicants should normally have at least a good second-class honours degree in economics or statistics and, except for certain appointments contemplated by the Industrial Research Group, experience of research in the appropriate field. Appointments, which will be for a limited period of time in connection with specific research projects, will be made on the appropriate salary scales ranging from £400 to £1,100 p.a., and will qualify for membership of F.S.S.U. Applications, which should state academic qualifications, experience and any special research interests, together with the names of two referees, should be addressed to the Director, University of Cambridge, Department of Applied Economics, Downing Street, Cambridge, to arrive not later than July 25, 1953.

SHEFFIELD Trades and Labour Council. Applications are invited from experienced agents for the post of Secretary/Organiser. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application forms obtainable from Mr. J. Madin, J.P., 403 Bank Street, Sheffield, 1, to be returned not later than July 31, 1953.

DURHAM County Federation of Women's Institutes. Applications are invited from women under 40 years of age for the post of County Secretary at a salary of £400-£500 per annum according to age and experience. The post will be vacant during September. Candidates should possess administrative experience, and have a knowledge of Committee work and procedure. Knowledge of rural conditions would be an advantage. Applications, before July 25, to Miss Haworth, J.P., Gordon Mount, The Peth, Durham.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. The Woodlands Remand Home (20 boys). Applications are invited from single men who are qualified teachers for the appointment of Resident Deputy Superintendent. The Remand Home is commodious, well equipped and run on modern lines, there being a close tie-up with the Child Guidance Clinic and Psychiatric Services. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers plus Special Responsibility Allowance of £50 per annum. A charge of £78 per annum will be made for board and lodging. The post is pensionable and subject to a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by July 25, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

PERSONNEL Officer. A woman personnel officer is required in a large office organization in West London to assist the office manager in personnel matters, in particular for the girls and women. The work includes the staffing of the office and the responsibility for the welfare, placing and subsequent progress of the personnel (numbering some 200). She should have an interest in clerical work although previous experience is not essential since a training course will be given. Applicants should be between 25 and 35. Starting salary £412 per annum (or higher if qualifications especially suitable). Write for application form to Box 527.

WELL-KNOWN publishers of scientific and philosophical books now preparing an extended general list of publications invite applications for post of Sales and Publicity Manager. Good knowledge of the book trade and a flair for publicity organization essential. Box 560.

AMERICAN Jewish Welfare Organisation requires for North Africa experienced teacher qualified undertake training of kindergarten teachers. Fluent knowledge of French essential. Salary about £1,400. 'Phone PAL. 6974, or write Box 661.

DIRECTOR for Edinburgh International House. Graduate preferred. Duties include student welfare and arranging of cultural and social activities. Write, stating experience, age, when free and salary expected, to Box 3002 R. & W. Advertising, 18 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

BLUNHAM House Nature Cure Health Centre urgently requires experienced Food Reform Cook. Write Blunham House, Bedfordshire or telephone Blunham 231.

HOUSEMOTHER & Cook wanted Sept. for Children's Hotel. Apply Warden, Orchards, Tadworth, Surrey. Tel. Tad. 2011.

RESIDENT Assistant Potter. Adult Education Centre. Experience not necessary. Enthusiasm for community work. Box 546.

REQD. immed. Permanent and Temporary Sht.-Typists/Copy-Typists. MON. 6394.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typs. for London posts. Salary up to £8. Also for temporary work, £6 10s. (10-5, no Sats.) Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham. MUS. 7379.

EXPERIENCED Book-keeper, knowledge of shorthand-typing, for position in City Office. Good salary is offered to the right applicant. Eastco Trading Co., 31, Fashion St., London, E.1. BIS. 1476/3485.

TYPING Teacher of gd. educ. for Holborn college, 80 in class. Age over 25. £450. No Sats. And many other lovely sec. jobs for well-educ. yng. women too! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

N.U.R. req. female clerk aged 21-30. Perm. Superann. Knowge. Pitmans, typing. Applic. forms: Gen. Sec., N.U.R., Room 15, Unity House, 195-203 Euston Rd., N.W.1.

MARRIED women with secretarial training can obtain temporary positions with short hours. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1. WHI. 0606, and 2 Broad Street Place, E.C.2. LON. 5397.

SH./Typs., Copy Typs. Interesting temp. & pt.-time work by hr./day/wk. (normal office hrs. only). Excel. pay. WHI. 5392.

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YNG. Swede (f. jrnlist., sh./tpg., Engl., sks. post London, fr. Sept. Box 611.

WOMAN of presence, living Paris charming surroundings, seeks interesting occupation. Until recently imp. executive London theatre. Sound knowledge modern fashion, int. decorating and house renovation. Perfect French, good Italian. Excel. ref. Interviews London July 13-17. Box 670.

YOUNG lady, fluent French, Sorbonne, sks. intstg. post, pref. literary. Expd. French/English shthand.-typist. Box 622.

FRENCH woman, 30, typist, cultivated, initiative, German, Spanish, English, seeks situation as secretary, assistant or interpreter, travelling preferred. Write David, Longdene, Chiddingstone, Kent.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

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S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Tortevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath. Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263).

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SUSSEX Coast. Tel. Hastings 6116 for "Pinetrees." 1st-class food (Diplomas cuisine). Int. sprung mattresses, H/C all bedrms. St. Matthew's Gdns., St. Leonards.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 32.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

RYE. Come to the famous Old Flushing Inn (unlicensed) for a quiet holiday. Winter terms, Oct. to March from 5gns.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country Hse. possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm prod. No children under 14. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable living quarters. Farm produce. Log fires. Elec. light, constant hot water. 60 acres. From 5½gns. per week. Tel: Rushlake Green 321.

LAKES. Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2314.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Free July & fr. Sept. 12. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

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CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. Finely situated on mountain pass in heart of Snowdon National Park. Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. (Tel. C.C. 217.)

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

CORNWALL., Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

DEVON, Coombe Cross Hotel. Edge of Dartmoor. Ideal touring centre. Easy distance from sea; excellent food, comfort, secluded garden. Bovey Tracey 217611.

ACHILL Island (W. Ireland). Amethyst Hotel. Bus to door. H./C. most b'rms. Elec. Safe bathing 4 mins. Golf 10 mins.

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GOOD Food Club members recommend over 750 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide" 1953-4. Entirely revised and much enlarged, but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./13s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

SERVICE rooms, Chelsea. Fully furn., central heating, C.h.w., bed and breakfast from 3½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

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WANTED married cple. or pleas. man to share roomy flat Hampstead. Box 569.

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SUMMER in London. Good-sized, quiet, sunny old-St. Pancras scholar's room, pleasant view on Park, simply furnished, bath-kitchen, 'phone, library. Friendly cat to feed. From about July 25th—definitely till Oct. 1st (or 5th), £2 5s. weekly (or near). 8 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring TER. 5195, 7.30-9.30 a.m.

CHARMING bed-sitting rm., modern block flats Baker St., use of kitchen and bath. Suit prof. lady or gentleman. 3½gns. p. week. Tel. WEL. 7201 (10-5).

ACCOM. for 2: 2 sgle. bedsit.-rms. in mod. 1st floor flat Wembley Park, furn., use kit., bathrm., 'phone, linen, cutlery, etc. provided. Gas, elec., incl. const. hot water, cent. htg., L.min. stn. and buses, quick connctn. City/West End. Lady owner working out all day. Box 524 or Wembley 9055.

TO let: furnished flat, redecorated, 3 bed., 2 reception, kitchen, bathrm., c.h.w., 'phone, use garden, pleasant road, high ground, S.E. London, 12 mins. City. Children welcome. 6½gns. Box 609.

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CHELSEA Studio to let: large s/c studio, well-furn. Ideal for writer/prof. man or woman. Own 'phone extension. Fitted basin. Gas fires, etc. 5gns. incl. el. lt. & cleaning of studio daily. Apply Housekeeper, 55 Oakley St., Chelsea, S.W.3. Tel. FLA. 5645.

GIRL offers share furn. flat with another (20-30). 23s. 6d. wkly. MOU. 6124.

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A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

COUPLE-to-be seek furn. flat, kitchen, Inner London, by Sept. Box 260.

ARCHITECTURAL student and business wife require unfurnished flat/rooms, L.C.C. area. Willing decorate. Box 605.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

EASTBOURNE 3 miles. Delightful modern bungalow, freehold; central heating, hardwood block floors, outbuildings, 1 acre. Mains services. £3,750. Box 291.

17TH Century small house for sale, Lewes, Sussex. Completely reconditioned, new electric water heater & cooking stove, etc. Magnificent view over South Downs. Some fitted furniture. 2 bed., 2 sit., kitchen, bathroom. Suitable for writer. Box 567.

EGHAM, Surrey. Newly-built cottage and 3 acres. 7 rooms, 2 bathrooms, kit., etc. Freehold, £2,100. John Stamford & Co., 151 Clapton Common, E.5. Sta. 0066/7/8.

SCHOOLS

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

BRIGHTON. Preston College Kindergarten & Nursery, Preston Rd., Brighton 54282. Children fr. 1 yr. Qual. staff. Planned menus. Holiday boarders welc. Terms mod.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. 'A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange (Man. 7616). Bernard Miles in "Macbeth." Mon., Wed. & Fri., 6 p.m. Tues. & Thurs., 8.15 p.m. Sat., 2.30 & 8.15 p.m. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Arms and the Man," with Alec Clunes, and "The Bespoke Overcoat." "Beautifully played." Dly. Sketch. Mems.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Last wk. Sean O'Casey's "Three in a Row." Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Friday July 17, Cobley's farcical comedy "No!" Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Nightly at 10.30 (Sunday 9.30), a Saucy Satirical Revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 12: "Farrebique" (U). From July 13: "La Kermesse Heroique" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 12, 7.30. "E Primavera" (A) (Italian).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406) presents "Les Enfants du Paradis." Wed., July 15, 8 p.m. Seven Kings Library Hall.

"BATTLE of Stalingrad," Part II, at Friends' House, Euston Rd. (opp. Euston Station), Saturday, July 11, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Ceylon Students' Committee.

CHINESE Women have sent exquisite gifts to National Assembly of Women. Garden Sale, supper & entertainment, Sun., July 12, 10s. 6d. Particulars from PRI. 5760.

TYROLEAN Evening, Mon., July 13, 8.30, Cavendish Hotel, 77 Lancaster Gate, W.2. Anglo-Austrian Society and Assocn. of Austrians in Gt. Britain. For members and their friends only. Tickets at door.

AT the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1, on Sunday, July 12, at 8.15 p.m. Poetry by Eliot, Hopkins, Lorca, etc., on gramophone records, read by Robert Speight, Margaret Rawlings, Alan Wheatley. Introduced by C. V. Wedgwood. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS

CONCERT of British Music (presented by The Institute of Contemporary Arts), Royal Festival Hall (Recital Room), Tues., July 14, at 8.15. String Quartet (1st London perf.) (Berthold Goldschmidt); Violin & Piano Sonata (Don Banks); String Quartet (1st London perf.) (Phyllis Tate); String Quartet No. 3 (1st perf.) (Leonard Scott). Soloists: Maria Lidka, Margaret Kitchin, New London String Quartet. 8s., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (Wat. 3041) and I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1.

KENDALL Taylor, pianoforte: Beethoven op. 110, Mozart, Chopin. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., July 18, at 8. Tickets 6s. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9, Arts Council Exhibns., Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) Drawings and Watercolours and James Gillray (1757-1815) Coloured Engravings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition (Chagall, Degas, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Rouault, Sickert, etc.). Daily (except Sat.) 11-6, Wednesdays 7-10 p.m., Sundays 2-6. Until July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students 9d.).

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927) 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SELECTED English 19th Century Paintings at Green & Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. July 2-30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Eleven British Painters—Recent Work. July 3-August 1. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Anna Vorster, Paintings. Also Picture Lending Library. Dly. 11-6 Sats. inc.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Graphic Work of J. Braque. Till July 18.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Space in Colour: Paintings selected by Patrick Heron. Until August 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes July 11. Fri., Sat. 10-6. 1s.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Oil Paintings by A. G. D'Albertson. From July 13 to 25, 10-5 (Sat. 10-12).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Tues., July 14, Central Hall, Westminster, 7 p.m. Dr. Letitia Fairfield, Lady Rhys Williams, Mary Richardson. Chair: Mary Phillips. Free.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum Inter-Monthly Meeting. "What is McCarthyism?" Recordings of the Un-American Activities Committee will be played. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, Thurs., July 16, 7.30. Visitors 3s. 6d. Kindly reserve your seats: Welbeck 0136.

BACK from Ellis Island. Stuart Morris, General Secretary Peace Pledge Union, will speak about his experiences on Ellis Island and in the U.S.A. Monday, July 20, 8 p.m. Mary Ward Hall, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Admission free. Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

THE Rosenbergs Should Not Have Died. Help their children. Hear Mrs. Leah Manning, Percy Belcher, Monica Whately; Poem (set to music) by Ethel Rosenberg and their Letters. 7 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall, July 23. Nat. Rosenberg Defence Cttee.

"ZIONISM and the international Situation": Y. Ellman. Mapam, 47 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Wed., July 15 at 8 p.m.

SHAW Society presents Ernestina Perea: Mexican songs in national costume (with guitar & piano); City Lit. Institute, Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Tues. July 14, 7 p.m. Adm. free (mems. & friends); apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

HILDE Holger School of Modern Dance will demonstrate method of teaching with Children, Teenagers, Adults, July 16, 17, 7.30 at the Studio: 27 Oval Rd., Regents Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822. Adm. 3s. on applic.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 18, at 6 p.m., Mr. Anton Hermann Winter: "Albrecht Dürer" (mit Lichtbildern).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jul. 12. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Eisenhower and McCarthy." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Fri., Jul. 10, 7.15. J. Addison, "An objective approach to History."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m., July 12: "The Search for God." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, July 16: "Evolution of Indian Religion and Philosophy." Lectures recommence on Sept. 17. All welcome. "Vedanta for East and West," bimonthly, 15s. annually.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Need for Spiritual Help." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., July 12 at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Soc., 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lect., Wed., July 15, 6.30. "Meditation" by speaker from Shanti Sadan.

"TECHNIQUE of Liberation." Talks at Caxton Hall, Tuesdays, 6.30 p.m. July 14: "The Field and the Knower of the Field," July 21: "God and the World," July 28: "The Tree of Life."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CONFERENCE on "Democratic Rights for Kenya Africans," Sunday, July 19, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. Speakers include Mbiyu Koinange. Chair: Miss Monica Whately. Apply for credentials to Kenya Provisional Cttee., 112 Clarendon Rd., W.11.

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SENSORY Summer School, Aug. 19-Sept. 2. J. N. Glaister "The Double Consciousness," foll'd by Guilfoyle Williams, Harold Walsby, Seton Pollock, and Arts Aspects led by Eva Faithfull and others: Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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